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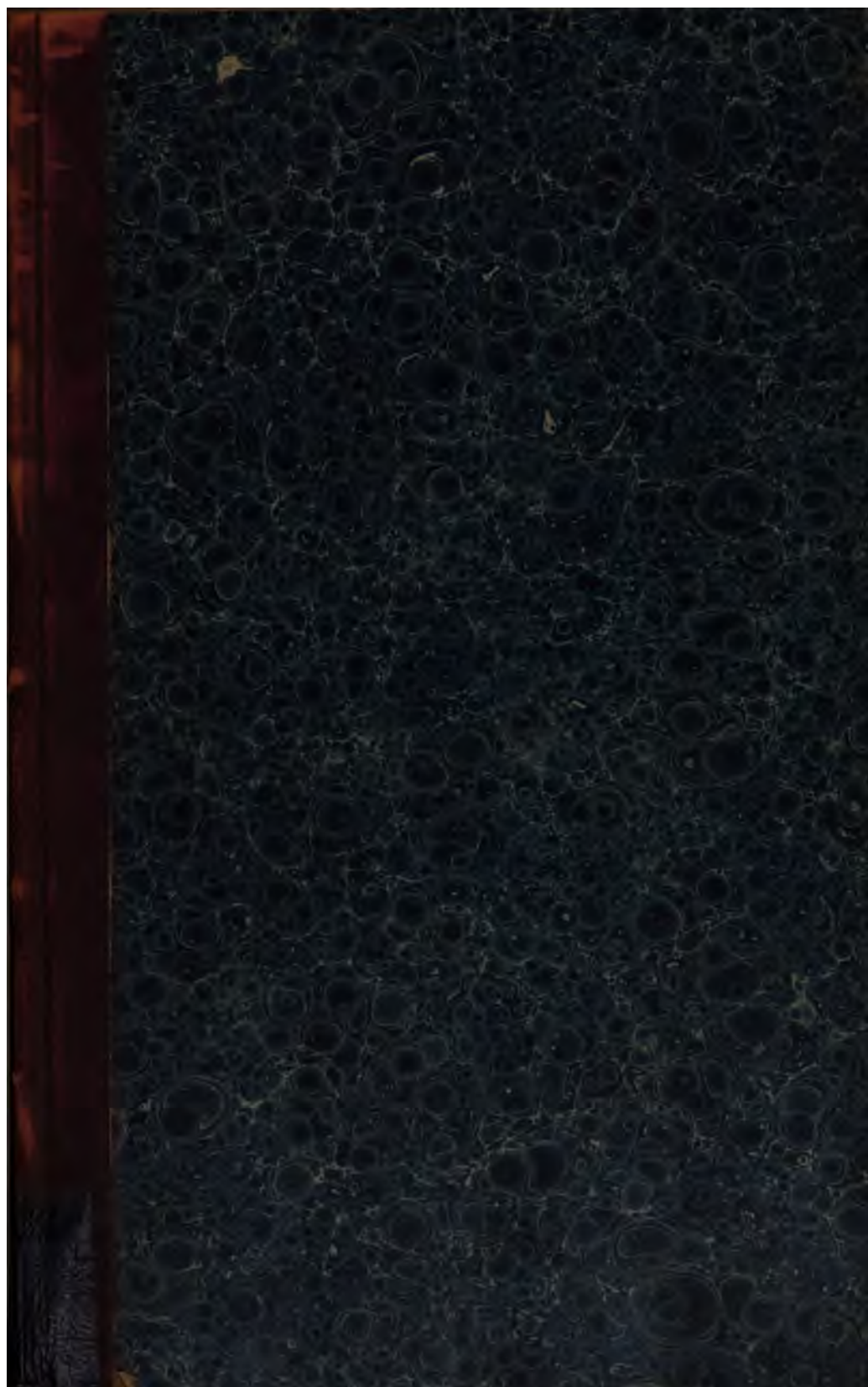
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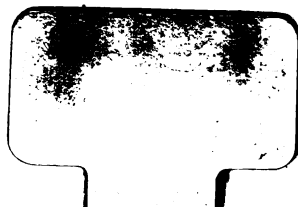
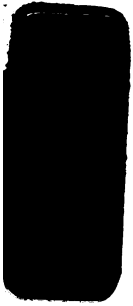
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James Henry - 11 D  
Art. Page 56

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# A HALF YEAR'S POEMS

OF

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

CRITIC.

In vain through all your pages  
For one good thought I look;  
I 'd say but for politeness,  
You 've written a worthless book.

AUTHOR.

The judgment a man utters  
Does but himself reveal;  
The flint to lead refuses  
The spark it yields to steel.

Trompeter-Schlösschen, Dresden, April 9, 1854.

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DRESDEN.

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1854.

*280. p. 33.*



## THANKSGIVING.

I thank thee, Muse, for pleasures three —  
“Póet, what pleasures may those be?”  
I thank thee first for the delight  
I take myself in all I write;  
I thank thee next and thank thee more  
Fór the delight with which I store  
Cellfuls of honied poesie  
For those who shall come after me;  
And last and most for the delight  
I thank thee, Muse, with which I write  
Póems my friends from morn to night  
And night to morn read with delight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

ÓFT 'twixt sleep and waking  
Í behóld a figure  
Airy light and handsome  
Flitting right before me,

Right before me flitting  
Like Italian firefly  
On a Júlý evening  
Just at daylight-going,

Or like planet rising  
From the ocean's clear edge.  
And revealed alternate  
And hid by the billows.

When intent I wake up  
To embrace my lost Love;  
Ah! the vision 's vanished  
And all 's blank around me;

Whén I láy my heáð down  
Ónce more ón the pillow,  
Thére again 's the vision  
Flitting right befóre me,

Like refléction pláying  
Ón a smooth white ceiling  
Fróm a gláss of wáter  
Sháken in the súnlight.

Íf, instead of wáking,  
Í sleep ónly deéper,  
Óther visions máy come  
Bút I lóse the figure.

Néver cómes that figure  
Óut of deáð and góne times,  
Flitting thére befóre me  
Aíry light and gráceful

Like Itálian firefly  
Ón a still damp évening  
Ín the mónth of Júly  
Áfter thé sun 's góne down,

Like a plánet rising  
Ón the édge of ócean  
Ánd reveáled altérnate  
Ánd hid bý the billows,

Like the sún's refléction  
Ón a white-washed ceiling  
Fróm a gláss of wáter  
Sháken in the window,

BÚt when Í 'm too hánging,  
Hálf asleép half wáking,  
Équipoised betweén  
The deád world ánd the living.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 8—9, 1854.

### BELISARIUS.

NOVEMBER's clouds are gathering fast;  
The woods are whistling in the blast;  
It is a rugged old oak tree  
That spreads between the sky and me  
His wrinkled arms, with here and there  
A leaf upon his fingers bare.  
About his feet lie sere and red  
The honors of his once green head.  
Hére make my grave, there 's sympathy  
Between this ancient oak and me;  
Like him I grew and florished fair;  
Like him I 'm withered old and bare;  
O'er me like him life's storms have passed;  
Like him I 've shivered in the blast;  
We both draw near our end at last.  
Hére lay me down, here let me die;  
No need of stone or verse have I;  
Write Belisarius on the tree;  
My name tells all my history.

Written while walking in BADEN, from WALDWIMMERSBACH to MOSBACH,  
Nov. 25, 1853.

AWAKE him not; look at him if thou wilt,  
But let no touch or sound or stir disturb him  
Out of his slumber; see his mighty chine,  
His firm-set shoulder muscular and brawny;  
In what thick ringlets hangs his shaggy mane  
Enveloping as with a wiry muff  
Withers and neck and ears and half his forehead.  
From the one paw thou see'st there, somewhat thrust out  
From underneath the superincumbent weight  
Of that huge bony head, judge of the others.  
If from those dark, drooped lids, and those closed jaws,  
That quiet, slow, and scarce perceptible  
Swelling and falling of those nostril edges,  
Thou turn'st away with an instinctive horror,  
How wilt thou face the uncovered eyeballs' glare,  
The wide-dilated nostril, the curled lip,  
Tusks gnashing, muttered growl, and rising mane,  
And tail indignant lashing both his sides,  
And claws erect and ready for the spring?  
Nay, nay; if thou art wise, thou 'lt not molest  
The lion peaceful sleeping in his lair —  
Thou 'lt not with deed or word or thought aggressive  
Stir in its placid light repose thy conscience.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 17. 1854.

ARRIA.

TAKE the knife, Petus; fear not it will hurt thee;  
Or if it hurt thee, it is but a hurt,  
One friendly hurt that saves thee from a thousand.  
Thou 'rt pale; afraid; give me the knife; see there,  
That 's my blood on it, yet I 'm nothing frightened.  
I 'm sore where it has cut me; what of that?  
A little deeper, I were sore no longer;  
No knife, no Cesar, more, had power to hurt me.  
Take the knife, Petus; and bid loud defiance  
To all who with the knife would terrify thee.  
No man with knife in hand 's the slave of Cesar.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5. 1854.

---

SHE lies below;  
These roses grow  
    On Ellen's grave;  
Sigh, nightwinds, sigh  
As ye pass by,  
    Ye willows, wave.

One month ago,  
We loved as though  
    Never to part;  
And now — Alas!  
All flesh is grass;  
    Break, break, my heart.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1854.

## PAIN.

"PAIN, who made thee?" thus I said once  
To the grim un pitying monster,  
As, one sleepless night, I watched him  
Heating in the fire his pincers.

"Gód Almighty; who dare doubt it?"  
With a hideous grin he answered:  
"I 'm his éldést bést-belóved son,  
Cút from my dead móther's bówels."

"Wretch, thou liest;" shócked and shúddering  
To the mónster I replied then;  
"Gód is goód, and kind, and grácious;  
Néver máde a thing so úgly."

"Téll me thén, since thou know'st bétter,  
Whóse I ám, by whóm begóttén;"  
"Héll 's thy bírth-place, and the Dévil  
Bóth thy fáther and thy móther."

"Bé it só; to mé the sáme 'tis  
Whéther I 'm God's són or grándson,  
And to theé not gréat the difference  
Ónce thy flésh betwéén my tóngs is."

"Spáre me, spáre me, Pain;" I shriéked out,  
As the réd-hot pincers caúght me;  
"Thou art Gód's son; áye thou 'rt Gód's self;  
Ónly táke thy fingers óff me."

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, JAN. 26, 1854.

TAKE that and that and that, detested viper;  
 Thou 'lt never more across my way come hissing,  
 And spirting venom; now at last thou 'rt settled,  
 And I am happy. Let me sit down here  
 And leisurely enjoy my happiness.  
 And so, it 's done; what next? that 's all; it 's done,  
 And nothing more about it. Murdered him!  
 Aye, that I did; and were it still to do,  
 Would do it again; he hated me, I him.  
 It 's a cursed passion, hatred; a cursed passion;  
 That drives a man to kill even his own brother.  
 It was not I, it was my hatred killed him;  
 If I had loved him he had still been living.  
 Hatred and love! I might as well have loved him,  
 Or better. Why then didn't I? I could not.  
 I was not given the choice to love or hate him;  
 I was made hate him simply, and made love  
 My sister; with all love was made to love her,  
 And with all hatred made to hate my brother.  
 So then it was not that I had not love,  
 But that he was no object for that passion;  
 And, for no reason but because she is not  
 My hatred's object, I don't kill my sister;  
 Both passions are my nature; my choice neither;  
 Had I my choice, I 'd neither love nor hate  
 But rise to both superior, like the oak  
 That in the forest spreads his broad arms out  
 With like indifference above a pair



Of duellists, and pair of cooing lovers.  
 Well then, the consequence? that 's bad for me.  
 Men have forbidden murder; not that men  
 Are good and virtuous, but because each man  
 Féars for himself and his; therefore their statutes,  
 Are point-blanc against murder; and they 'll rise  
 And hunt me like a wild beast down, and kill me;  
 Kind, loving, tender men that so hate murder!  
 Well, be it so! I did it open-eyed,  
 And knowing well that men would murder me  
 For daring to do that, alone and singly,  
 Which each of them fears by himself to do,  
 And only does when by participation  
 Of all the rest with him, no 'rest' remains  
 To call him to account, and judge, and punish.  
 Well then! and when they 've murdered me, is that all?  
 Kind, loving, tender men again! that 's not all.  
 Ye cannot follow me yourselves indeed  
 Beyond your murder — pity that ye cannot!  
 But ye will pray your God to raise us all  
 Out of our common grave, and with new life  
 And sensibility of pain endow us,  
 That ye may sit in everlasting joy  
 Above with angels, and look down on me  
 And all those whom for murdering ye have murdered,  
 Writhing in hellfires unextinguishable,  
 While ye sing Peans to His righteousness  
 Who made ye twice for joy, us twice for torment.  
 Aye, 'twas I did it; here I am, your prisoner.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

PLEASANT are the sún's rays  
Hill and vále adórning,  
Pleasant are the smáll birds  
Singing in the mórning,

Pleasant is the spring's breath  
Througħ the thórñ hedge blówing,  
Pleasant is the primrose  
Óñ the ditch-side grówing,

Pleasant is the wild bee's  
Right conténted húmning,  
Pleasant is the óld friend's  
Lóng expécted cóming,

Pleasant is the kéttle  
Óñ the bright fire sínging,  
Pleasant are the joybells  
Íñ the steéple ringing,

Pleasant is the chíld's face,  
Sleéping in the crádle,  
Pleasant is the yóung colt's  
Whínny in the stáble,

Pleasant is the órgan  
Througħ the gréat aisle peáling,  
Pleasant is the núns' chant  
Througħ the láttice steáling,

Pleasant is the gárden's  
Váriegátéd fúll bloom,  
Pleasant is the hayfield's  
Álmost sweéter pérfume,

Bút to mé it 's sweéter  
Pleasantér and bétter  
Fróm my ábsent Truélove  
Tó receive a létter

Bidding mé to bánish  
Dóubt and feár and sórrów,  
Ánd to cáll upón her  
Eárlý ón tomórrów.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 9, 1854.

---

"WHAT árt thou, dim figure, that stoppest me so,  
Down the path to the ford as I hurry along?  
Let me pass; the sun 's set, and I 've far yet to go —  
For a maid to be out after nightfall were wrong."

"Dear Rose, thou canst not pass the river tonight,"  
As he threw back his cloak her own William replied;  
"See the flood how it covers the stepping stones quite —  
Nay Rose, art thou mad? thou must stay on this side."

"Let me go; there 's still light and I know the ford well;  
It will scarce at the stepping stones reach to the knee;  
How could I tomorrow my cross mother tell  
That I 'd spent the whole livelong night, William, with thee?"

"Thou shalt sleep with my sister, and, when at gray day  
The fall of the water the stepping stones shows,  
To thy cross mother's house she 'll escort thee half way,  
And still in life's garden shall bloom William's rose."

"It máy not be, William; I 'd rather tonight  
This dárk flood its drumly waves over me rolled,  
Than my cróss mother greet with tomorrow's daylight,  
And see her eyes flash as my story I told.

"So thank thee, dear William, and let my hand go;  
Across in a moment in safety I 'll be,  
For the flood 's not deep yét and the current moves slow;  
Good night, my sweet William, and féar not for me."

He holds her hand hard and keeps close to her side,  
And they 're both in the water now up to the knee: —  
"It 's a rough stream that me from my Rose shall divide;  
Clasp both arms round my neck, Love, and cling close to me."

With a strong grasp he 's caught her and lifts her up high,  
Her slender feet hanging down scarce touch the stream;  
Four steps, steady steps now — but was that a cry  
And a fall and a struggle, or do I but dream?

Strong is love, and the arms of a young man are strong  
When they 're clasped round the waist of his newly pledged bride,  
But stronger 's the mountain flood rushing along,  
When the rains from the clóuds burst at wet lammas-tide.

Down the river 's a garden where marigolds blow,  
And sad willows lean over the water and weep,  
And thére country folks still the green hillock show  
Where the youth and the maid by the rippling wave sleep.

No need of stone letters the names to disclose  
Of the poor pair below, hapless bridegroom and bride,  
For a flower of Sweet William there éach lammas glows,  
And a white mossy Rose bud droops close by its side.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 7—8, 1854.

---

“WILL you allow me to go out, Sir?”

Thus Pat to me one evening said,  
As weary, dreary, in my study  
I sat with aching heart and head.

“And what is ’t, Pat, you would go out for?  
Can’t you at home the evening spend?”

“I ’ll not be long, Sir; only júst run  
Over the way to see a friend.”

“To see a friend! stay, I ’ll go with ye;  
Bring me my cloak and stick and hat;  
A friend! a friend! what is a friend like?  
I never saw a friend yet, Pat.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.

---

BREÁTHE not a murmur thou of querulous  
Dissatisfaction at the inscrutably  
Dark and mysterious ways of Providence,  
If in thy fortune’s ruin thou ’st preserved

A pair of easy, wool-lined, velvet slippers.  
 About the color, whether black or brown  
 Or green or scarlet, be not too fastidious;  
 Bút, if stern destiny allows a choice,  
 Choose yellow, as the prettiest and most Turkish.  
 I like the Turks because they 're Mussulmen,  
 Not preaching, praying, money-loving Christians;  
 I like the Turks because they hate the Russians  
 And will, I doubt not, give them a sound drubbing;  
 I like the Turks because they 've a fine city,  
 Cónstantinople on the Bosphorus,  
 Where one can plainly see the sun at midday;  
 But most I like the Turks because they never  
 Wear boóts at home, but always yellow slippers.  
 I won't suppose thou hast on either foot  
 A hard or soft corn, as the Earl of Mayo  
 Advertises he had before he gót them  
 Extracted by that notable chirúrgeon,  
 Chiropodist and boot-and-shoe-maker,  
 Válentine Prendergast in Sackville street,  
 Right opposite the General Post Office,  
 And next door to the general breeches-maker,  
 Quáker, and gentleman, Friend Richard Allen —  
 I wón't suppose thou hast on each great toe  
 A bunion large and round as a small apple;  
 I wón't suppose it, though I might since bunions  
 Are never out of fashion with high gentry —  
 Bút I 'll suppose thou 'st half the day been walking  
 (A lady on each arm) in the genteelest  
 Least desert part of our once flourishing city,  
 Deáth and the Doctors' side of Merrion Square,  
 In that same pair of boots thou now hast ón thee,  
 Shórtter by two full inches than thy foot  
 And full three inches narrower, and hast cóme home,

And with the aid of twó maids and a bootjack  
 Fórced, with convulsive struggles desperate,  
 The polished instruments of torture off,  
 And set the crippled joints at liberty —  
 Góds! thy contentment as thou 'dst slip first one  
 And then the other quivering, lame, and wounded  
 Extremity into the refuge safe  
 Of a large, wool-lined, velvet pair of slippers.  
 Then if thou wert not thankful, didst not bless  
 High Heaven's beneficence to wretched sinners,  
 Thou 'dst merit, not Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
 Or Hell's sulphureous fires unquenchable,  
 Bút to be doomed on Heaven's hard sapphire pavement  
 To promenade for ever in those sáme boots,  
 And find, to all eternity, no bootjack,  
 No pitying angel's hand, to rid thee óf them.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

## POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

"A pair of twins were born, they say,  
 The selfsame hour, the selfsame day;  
 How many years it was ago  
 I never heard and do not know,  
 But born they were, as like each other  
 As ever twin was like twin brother,  
 And, be it so long as it may,  
 Have lived from that hour to this day  
 Through every change of wind and weather,  
 In perfect harmony together,

Beside or near each other ever,  
And for one half hour parted never,  
Saturday, Sunday, morn or night,  
By gas no less than candle light.  
As soon as either goes to bed  
The other droops his heavy head,  
Awake no sooner is the one  
Than the other too with sleep has done;  
Both rise together and all day  
Together work, together play,  
Study, pay visits, read, or write  
Letters of business, or indite  
Nonsense in rhyme, called poetry,  
Or by land travel or by sea,  
One never farther from the other  
Than Siamese twin from his brother  
Nor half so far; yet strange to tell  
Though each the other loves so well,  
Smiles when he smiles, weeps when he weeps,  
And by his side for ever keeps,  
Neither has yet the other seen —  
Ye learned and wise, say whom I mean."

FRIEND.

"Poetic Sir, in vain you try  
A thing so plain to mystify;  
How easy will the learned and wise  
Pierce your conundrum's thin disguise,  
When I, though neither learned nor wise,  
Read its plain meaning in your eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.



## MOG OF KILDARE.

Oh there never was flower half so rich and so rare  
As my own pretty lassy, sweet Mog of Kildare;  
Her cheeks are two tulips, red bordered with white,  
I 'd not tire looking at them from morning till night.

Except the black spot on the flower of the bean  
I have never a match for her eye's blackness seen,  
And yet from that blackness there shoots such a light  
As you 've seen from the young young moon on a clear night.

But her mouth! — where 's the thing with her mouth may compare  
In sweetness, except a ripe Bergamot pear?  
And her lips! — they 're a pair, sure, of red blushing cherries;  
And her breath! — makes one think of the time of strawberries.

Fine is flax, silk is fine; but far finer the hair  
That in black, glossy ringlets falls down on her bare  
Glancing white neck and shoulders, for Mog's neck 's as white  
As cambric, or swansdown, and as satin bright.

You have heard, some May evening, when all round was still.  
From the midst of the thorn bush the blackbird's note thrill;  
I would rather than that note hear Mog's daily voice,  
Could 'rathers' and wishing but get me my choice;

But they cannot, for if they could I 'd not be here  
In black Dublin pining all round the long year,  
But tomorrow would see me pay down second fare,  
And away to the Curragh and Mog of Kildare.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

IT is indeed a noble sight, this hall  
With its full stream of people pouring in,  
Uninterrupted, at one end, and out  
Uninterrupted pouring at the other.  
I wish they did not disappear so soon,  
That I might make acquaintance with them, learn  
Something about them; whence they come, and whither  
In such vast multitudes they can be going;  
New faces and new faces still, and still  
New faces; and beyond the faces, nothing;  
Nothing beyond; black darkness fills the portal:  
Out of the darkness comes the stream of faces,  
Varied and fair and ever-varying faces:  
I 'd love them if I knew them, and if only  
They did not so soon at the far door vanish  
Away into impenetrable darkness,  
For out beyond that portal too I see  
Nothing but darkness, blank nonentity.  
That incorporeal darkness has for me too  
A force attractive, and toward the far portal,  
Were 't but permitted, I 'd go with the stream,  
And for a light and airy Negative  
Exchange this Positive's too oppressive weight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 16, 1854.

## THE BETROTHED.

[Recitative.]

HE.

For all the ages man has lived and died,  
Dug mines, hewed forests, sailed the ocean wide,  
Planted and ploughed and reaped, and bought and sold,  
And prayed to heaven and gathered heaps of gold,  
Never was maiden loved as thou by me,  
And never youth deceived as I by thee.

SHE.

For all the ages yonder glorious sun  
Round this great world his annual course has run,  
Dispensing to poor mortals heat and light,  
Summer, spring, autumn, winter, day, and night,  
Never was simple maid so cruelly  
Betrayed by perjured man as I by thee.

HE.

So long as tides shall flow and tempests sweep,  
And billows to the shore roll from the deep,  
So long as grass is green and skies are blue,  
And flowers, on summer mornings, wet with dew,  
I'll hate the name of woman and believe  
God made her lovely only to deceive.

SHE.

So long as I have vital strength and heat,  
So long as in these veins a pulse shall beat,  
So long as in this bosom heaves a sigh,  
So long as in this brain dwells memory,

I 'll curse the unlucky month, week, hour, and day,  
I gave my free heart to a man away.

HE.

Cursed hour! I well remember it; 'twas night;  
We stood there in the orchard, in the light  
Of the full moon, thy right hand clasped in mine,  
In thy left hand this sprig of jessamine;  
Thou on this sprig swor'st, I by the moonlight.  
To be each other's ever from that night.

SHE.

The jessamine 's withered, the full moonlight fled,  
Thine oath forgotten, my love cold and dead;  
Here let us part; take thou thy separate way  
And I 'll take mine; tomorrow 's a new day;  
May it shine happy on thee; and of me  
Henceforth as seldom think as I of thee.

HE.

Farewell, and happy live; thy jessamine  
I give thee back; and should'st thou e'er incline  
To love another, look on the dead flower  
And of thine oath think and that moonlight hour,  
Then give thine hand, thy new oath swear, and then  
Break thy new oath, and cry: — How fickle men!

SHE.

Agreed; give me the flower: — Heaven, hear me swear  
By this once sweet flower and this noontide air,  
And by thyself and yon bright sun above,  
As true and faithful as to my first Love  
I 've ever been, I 'll to my second be;  
So help me Heaven, I pray on bended knee.

You are nóted, hé is neither  
Óld nor yóung in his appeárance,  
Neither swárthy nór fresh cólored,  
Neither wéll - nor yét ill-loóking;

Neither táll nor lów of státüre,  
Neither nárrow - nór broad - shouldered,  
Bút is in perpétual mótion,  
Ánd has woundilý long fingers.

Bý these twó marks you may pick him  
Óút at ónce from midst a thousánd,  
Bý his lóng and slénder fingers  
Ánd his éver réstless mótion.

Úp and dówn while óther thievers go,  
Báck and fórdward scóurged by cónsience,  
Hé alóne makes éver fórdward,  
Ón, and ón, for éver ónward.

Eýe hath néver seén him loóking  
Ónce behind him ás he ón goes,  
Eár hath néver heárd his foótfall,  
Líght his stép as hé were félt-shod.

Should you sée him, you 're requested  
Tó this óffice tó send nótiçe;  
Fifty Póunds to him that tákes him.  
Signed and seáled — Pat Smith, Watch Sérgeant.

[TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Jan. 29, 1854.]

## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

### GOING TO SEA.

THE billow, the billow  
Shall be my head's pillow,  
The wind my lullaby;  
The roll of the deep  
Shall rock me to sleep;  
Welcome, welcome, blue sea.

The white sail 's unfurled,  
With the breeze the wave 's curled;  
How sweet 'tis to roam!  
Farewell, father, mother,  
Farewell, sister, brother,  
I 've got a new home.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

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NOTHING say,  
But come ere day,  
And I 'll be ready;  
Bring silk rope  
And love and hope  
And courage steady;

Bring gold ring,  
And fleet horse bring,  
And purse of gold;  
The cloister bell  
Ere noon shall tell  
I 've broke the fold.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

THERE 's a ráft upón the wáter;  
Á frail ráft, ill pút togéther;  
Ón it síts a lóvely maiden —  
Bléssed Gód! what thére has bróught her?

In a white chemíse of cámbric,  
Heád, feet, breást and shóuldérs náked,  
Seé her, in this stórmý weáther,  
Hélpless ón the báre ráft síttíng.

Up and dówn upón the bíllow,  
Híther, thíther, hów she tósses!  
Loóse upón the wínd her trésses,  
Líke a shíp's long pénnon, stréámíng.

Sáve her, sáve her, ére she pérish!  
Próvídénce thou 'rt áll a fáble!  
Stáy, there 's sóme óne thére besíde her;  
Ón the ráft I seé two fígúres.

Shé has hélp nów; Héáven, I thánk thee!  
Hé wíll sáve her, sùre, or pérish;  
Nóne but á strong swímmér éver  
Máde the ráft thróugh thése hígh bíllows.

Nów he thróws his árms abóút her —  
Gód, there ís no flésh upón them!  
Thróugh his ríbs I seé the blúe wáve,  
Ánd the ráft ís slówly síkkíng.

Lúckless maiden, lóveliest Psýche!  
Túrned adrift and léft to pérish! —  
Ón the wind one búbbling shriék dies,  
Ánd no spéck more 's ón the wáter.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 28, 1854.

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SLEEP, babe, sleep;  
Í will keep  
    Wátch o'er thy head;  
Nóthing fear,  
Móther 's near,  
    Guárding thy bed.

Lóng ago  
Í lay so,  
    Guárded by one,  
Whó loved me  
Ás I thee —  
    Alás! she 's gone.

Time draws nigh,  
Whén thou by  
    Thý babe shalt sit,  
Ánd o'er me  
Clósed shall be  
    The deep grave pit.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.



## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

### RETURNING HOME.

It is the land!  
My native strand!  
The dear loved shore!  
With what delight  
Each well known height  
I greet once more!

Deep rolling sea  
That tempted'st me  
Away to roam,  
I love thee more  
Than ever before —  
Thou 'st brought me home.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.

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THE dead bells may ring,  
And the choristers sing  
Round the coffin so black,  
But long they may ring,  
And sweet they may sing,  
Ere they bring the life back.

On the grave-hillock green  
The buttercup sheen  
And daisy may grow,  
But the maggot will creep  
Where in the earth deep  
The corpse rots below.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 1, 1854.

## FRETTINA TORMENTINA NOTHINGRIGHT.

For man for bird for fish for brute  
This world 's well made, it 's past dispute;  
Yét in this world some things there be  
That never yet agreed with me:

I 'm always in close carriage sick,  
Whéther it 's going slow or quick;  
Far better be upon the rack  
Thán to the horses turned my back.

Jólting I never yet could bear  
With common patience; I declare  
I 'd rather trudge upon my feet  
Than up and down bump on a seat.

An outside car in jeopardy  
Puts life and limb; one cannot see  
Oút of an inside — might as well  
Bé at the bottom of a well.

I dearly buy the time I gain  
Whén I go with the railway train;  
I 'm sure I 'm not given to complain,  
Bút the noise álmoust turns my brain.

Turf smoke I hardly can endure;  
Coál smoke to stifle me is sure;  
The smell of hyacinths sets me wild,  
And musk I 've hated since a child.

Tobacco smoke I scarce can bear  
Even in the free and open air;  
Judge of my torture, with the fume  
When I 'm shut up in the same room.

I almost faint if I breathe gas,  
Or hear the braying of an ass,  
Or see a spider on the wall,  
Or hear a kitten give a squall.

I would not stay in any house  
In which I knew there was a mouse,  
Much less that hideous thing, a rat;  
And yet I can't endure a cat.

There 's nothing I dislike so much  
As of a limy thing the touch,  
Unless it be cold iron rust,  
Or window curtains full of dust.

If with me you would live at peace  
Don't let me see a spot of grease  
On table-cover, chair, or floor,  
Much less a handmark on the door.

I 'd rather sit the livelong day  
With my eyes closed or turned away,  
Than look out through a dirty pane,  
Whether at sunshine or at rain;

And yet I own I don't like rubbing,  
Polishing, brushing, dusting, scrubbing;  
Washing, if possible, I hate more,  
And scouring day 's to me a bore.

Íf I but thought, or heard it said,  
There wás even óne bug in my bed,  
I 'd either die at once of fright  
Or sit up at the fire all night.

Damp weather fills me full of pains,  
In frost and snow I get chilblains,  
In summer heats I melt away  
And sweat and smother night and day.

My deadliest enemy 's fog or mist;  
Ín a close room I can't exist,  
And yét I find it hard to bear  
The smallest current of fresh air.

Whén the wind blóws from the north-east,  
I 'm never well; but that 's the least;  
My sensibility sympathizes,  
And greater grows as the wind rises.

Whén the wind blóws from the south-west,  
Bódy and soul are both oppressed;  
I 'm good for nothing, dead and dull,  
Life's mercury down quíte to null.

But let the wind blow as it may,  
All 's well while it blows but by day;  
Bút when there comes a stormy night —  
Píteous indeed is then my plight;

I can't lie still, far less can sleep;  
But jumping up and down still keep,  
Óut of, and into bed all night,  
Sometimes even scream aloud with fright.

It makes me ill, all day to sit  
Mumchance at home, whether I knit  
Antimacassar sopha-cover,  
Or turn dull Boz's pages over;

But let me venture to go out,  
And I may count sure on a bout  
Of toothache or sore chest and cough  
For the next three weeks, on and off.

When visits I receive or pay,  
I must wear smiles and sweet things say;  
But sore it goes against my grain,  
Visits to me are downright pain,

Were 't only that I cannot brook  
Still to be told how well I look,  
While I feel ill in every part,  
Sorry and sore, and sick at heart.

Though I cannot bear compliment  
However kindly it be meant,  
And look on flattery as a curse,  
Yet somehow the plain truth is worse —

Is it not shocking to be told:  
"You look as if you 'd got a cold;  
Your eyes how red! your lips how blue!  
Send for a doctor; dear friend, do."

I 'd rather not go out at all  
Than go to what you call a ball;  
Dress naked, flirt, hop on the floor,  
And scarce get to my bed at four.

A dinner 's worse — stiff ceremony,  
Guzzling and politics; the whole three  
Antipodistic quite to me;  
The only thing I like is tea;

That is, I like tea if it 's not  
Too strong, too weak, too cold, too hot,  
Too white, too sugared; nor has been  
With Pekoe flavored, or with green.

Cóffee excites me — makes me dream;  
Besides it 's nó good without cream,  
And cream is heavy; cocoa 's trash —  
My stómach never could bear splash.

I turn at butter, if it 's spread  
Like spermaceti on my bread;  
Toást I could never yet get down  
If smoked or singed, or not quite brown.

An egg, more than three minutes boiled  
Or half a second less, is spoiled;  
The hen should be brought from the stable  
And made to lay upon the table.

You 'd scarce believe the misery  
It always was and is to me  
To be obliged to sit and see  
The fire poked injudiciously.

I cán't bear trifling conversation;  
For serious I 've small inclination;  
It 's not genteel to be too gay,  
Far less to romp about and play.

I don't like books; it hurts my sight  
To read the print by candlelight,  
And if I 'm seen to read by day,  
What in the world will people say?

"Have you no better occupation?"  
"You put a stop to conversation;"  
"Why really Fretty 's growing blue;"  
"Now can't you do as others do?"

Préss me to sing, you set me mad;  
Nót to be asked at all 's as bad;  
And ás for playing a quadrille,  
I neither can nor ought nor will;

Só if you múst dance, dance away;  
But don't ask mé to sit and play,  
My shoulders covered with my shawl,  
And my face turned right to the wall.

It 's scarce less bad to sit stock still,  
And, as a statue, dumb until  
Missy has done her caterwauling —  
God pity those who don't like squalling!

I wouldn't like to have it said  
Thát I had lived and died a maid;  
Yet marriage, after all, is worse —  
Kill me, but don't make me a nurse.

It 's therefore clear to me as day  
That somehow I have gone astray,  
That this world 's not my proper sphere,  
And by mere accident I 'm here.

And yet I wouldn't like to change;  
It 's safe to stay, unsafe to range;  
A fall comes of rash leap or rush;  
A bird in hand 's worth two in bush.

So, with your leave, I 'll just stay here  
Until I find my proper sphere;  
And if I never find it — why,  
There 's many as ill off as I.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

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TO the battle, to the battle,  
For our country and our right;  
Hear the cannon how they rattle;  
Our friends are in the fight.

Drive back the bold aggressors  
With bayonet-thrust and ball;  
Stand firm the field's possessors,  
Or where ye stand, there fall.

Wave wave, gay tricolór,  
Wave wave, proud union-jáck;  
Hurrah for France and England,  
Down with the false Cosáque.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.



HEAVY coffin, black pall;  
Servants stand in the hall;  
Strangers pass to and fro;  
To the green churchyard near  
Sad and slow moves the bier  
With its trappings of woe.

There 's not even a mouse  
To be heard in that house  
So deserted and lone;  
Hush! hush! from the gloom  
Of one close-curtained room  
Sobs the poor widow's moan.

And, oft wondering why  
Own papa should so die,  
Little children in vain  
At the avenue gate  
For him sit and wait  
Who will not come again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

'TIS the gáy bridal feast;  
From the greatest to least  
    All the household 's in joy;  
It 's sweetmeats and flowers,  
And perfumes in showers --  
    No alloy, no alloy.

From the board hies the throng  
To the dance and the song  
    In the garland-hung hall,  
~~Where~~ the bridegroom and bride,  
In their beauty and pride,  
    Hand in hand lead the ball.

But there 's óne watery eye,  
As the dancers sweep by;  
    Ah, poor gráy-headed sire!  
It 's thine heart pays the cost,  
For forever thou 'st lost  
    Her whom all eyes admire.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

**"GRACIOUS César," said Hormisdas  
Answering á repeated quéstion,  
"Trúly nóble is your city,  
Trúly mighty áre the Rómans;**

**"Through your streéts and yóur piázzas  
Í have wándered néver weáry,  
Fróm the súnrise tó the súnset —  
Góds, the Rómans áre your children.**

**"Márble cólumnns, gólden ceilings,  
Báths and pórticóes and témples,  
Státues, paintings — áll the wórls sure  
Ínto Róme's lap póurs her treásures.**

**"Bút there 's óne thing Í admire more  
Thán Rome's pórticóes and témples,  
Thán her státues, thán her paintings,  
Móre even thán the crówn of César."**

**"Ánd what 's thát one thing, Hormisdas,  
Fór I táke you fór a wise man,  
Whát 's that óne thing yóu admire more  
Ín Rome thán her pówer and riches?"**

"Ás your city gáte I éntered  
Yésterdáy, from Pérsia cóming,  
Í read ón a símples tómbstone: —  
ACCA UNI NUPTA VIRO.

"Mighty César, bé not ángry  
With your húmble Eástern sérvant,  
Íf more thán Rome's crówn impérial  
Í admire the Róman mátron."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 17, 1854.

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THE long and last  
Sad struggle 's past  
Of hope and fear;  
Fást from my eyes  
The dáylight flies;  
Káth'rine, art near?

Beside me stand;  
Give me thy hand  
And don't let go;  
Even in death  
I 'll feel thy breath,  
Thy kisses know.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1854.

## NEWTON.

I well remember how upon this beach  
Playing about, some fourscore years ago,  
A thoughtless child, I found a cockleshell  
And brought it home and showed it to my friends  
And prayed them to admire with me the treasure.  
Since then I've wandered off upon the beach  
Of the great universe, and here and there  
Picked up a cockleshell left by the tide,  
And brought it home and giv'n 't some idle name,  
Centripetal, as it might be, or Centrifugal,  
Repulsion or Cohesion or Refraction;  
And so with fair toys filled my babyhouse.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 14, 1854.

## THE ESCAPE.

Down the stream,  
Like a dream —  
Hush, hush, no noise —  
In our boat  
Smooth we float;  
Pull, pull, my boys.

To the shore  
Turn your ear;  
No noise, no noise;  
On the strand  
Jump to land;  
We 're safe, my boys.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

I 'm gay and happy in the sunny morning,  
When everything around is fresh and cheerful;  
Birds caroling and flowrets spreading wide  
Their painted saucers to th' all-gladdening ray.  
My spirit then with hope and confidence  
Looks forward to the future, and I 'm full  
Of noble enterprize and great achievement.  
But when day's glorious orb down from the zenith  
Wheels his precipitous course, and evening gray,  
Behind him rising in the darkening East,  
Leads on the sad funereal pomp of night,  
A damp comes o'er me and I feel no more  
That strong elastic buoyancy of spirit,  
Which lifts me up from earth and carries me  
Away, away, into the interminable  
Elysium of a bright and prosperous future;  
Then fear takes place of hope and I recoil  
Before the Coming, and my backward eye  
Turn sad and tearful on the happy past;  
My youth's and manhood's friends with hollow voice  
Call to me from their sepulchres and bid me  
Prepare to follow; Evening first, then night,  
Deep black midnight, possesses my whole being;  
Till with inaudible, light footstep Sleep  
Steals on me and throws over me his mantle  
Oblivious, and I lie entranced till touch  
Of the new day awakes me to new life,  
New courage, and new action, hope, and joy,  
To last again till evening, night, and sleep —  
Such puppet art thou, proud, vain-glorious Man!

STERZING, in the TYROL, Sept. 14, 1853.

### THE BIRTHDAY ODE.

THE earl will háve a birthday ode;  
Is to the Muses' mean abode: —  
"Máster, I need some dozen rhymes;  
Must háve them ere the vesper chimes;  
Before a goodly company  
Rehearsed tomorrow they shall be."  
"Impossible, my noble Lord;  
Too poór this dwelling to afford  
Materials, ere the vesper chimes,  
For half of half a dozen rhymes."  
"It múst be done," the earl replied;  
"Tomorrow my new-wedded bride  
Her birthday celebrates; thére 's the gold;"  
And ten broad pieces down he told.  
The poet scrupulous shook his head,  
And smiled and to the earl thus said: —  
"The gold 's all right, but there 's no time;  
'Tis but two hours to vesper chime,  
And far off lies the town away;  
The road is bad and rough the day."  
"And what has weather, town, or road  
To do with birthday or with ode?"

"To weave a web you must have thread;  
 To cast a bullet one needs lead;  
 You can't make butter without milk;  
 It 's out of mulberry leaves comes silk;  
 Without long grass you can't make hay,  
 Nor china without potter's clay;  
 And poetry's extatic thought  
 Was never into being brought  
 Out of an empty, hopeless nought."  
 "Say out your meaning short and clear;  
 Not to read riddles come I here;  
 And see on yonder castle wall  
 Where frowning stands the gibbet tall."  
 Trémbling and falling on his knee,  
 "My noble Lord, you 'll pardon me" —  
 Thus to the earl then answered he;  
 "The elements of poetry  
 Lie in yon castle's buttery."  
 The earl laughed loud and heartily,  
 And raised the poet from his knee;  
 Away they 're to the castle gone;  
 The evening table 's spread anon;  
 Black wurst, brown venison, red tokay;  
 Tomorrow 's the bride's Naming day;  
 The cellar, buttery, and hall,  
 Oerflowing with provisions, all: —  
 "Health to the bride — that 's fine tokay;"  
 The poet thus began to say,  
 As through his veins and fibres weak  
 The liquor mounted to his cheek  
 And filled with life and energy  
 His heart and brain and flashing eye: —  
 "Health to the Lady Geraldine —  
 Féllow, another bumper wine;



What mónth is this, and what the day?"  
"Tomorrow is the First of May."  
Now say not that the poet dozed,  
Íf for a while his eyes he closed,  
For foot and lip and fingers' play  
Shóws that he meditates a lay;  
And all at once thus to his tongue  
The numbers crowded, and he sung: —

Join hands round, and in a ring,  
Máymaids, lét us dáce and síng,  
Daúghters áll of Mája fair,  
Mája with the gólden hair.

Daisy, primrose, violet bring;  
Every flówer that lóves the spring  
Weáve into a gárland fine  
Fór the brów of Géraldíné.

Géraldine shall bé our Queén;  
Whén was fairer Máymaid seén?  
Fóward, báckward; óne, two, threé;  
Bénd to Géraldine the kneé.

Nót with córd the wreáth entwíne,  
Bút with spríg of églantine;  
Cúrtsyng, dáceing in a ring,  
Tó the Queén the gárland bring;

Sét it ón her head and sáy: —  
"Theé we crówn on thy birthdáy,  
Thée we crówn Queen óf the Máy;  
Háppy háppy live and gáy."

Thén join hánds and in a ring  
Round and round her dânce, and sing: —  
“Theé we crówn on thý birth dáy,  
Theé we crówn Queen óf the Máy.”

Móther Mája hear us práy: —  
“Lét this bé a jóyful dáy  
Tó the brídegroom and the bríde  
And to áll the cóuntry wíde.”

Fóward, báckward; óne, two, threé;  
Tó the brídegroom bénd the kneé;  
Hé is stróng and shé is fáir;  
Néver wás a lóvelier páir.

Bléss the brídegroom, bléss the bríde,  
Ever bý each óther's síde,  
Éver háppy, éver gáy,  
Áll the yeár to thém one Máy.

“By th' holy rood,” then cried the earl,  
“Of birthday odes that is the pearl,  
And wéll such venison, wurst, and wine  
Will please the Lady Geraldine.”  
The poet bowed and bade good night,  
And wént home, and tíll dawning light  
Sat úp indítting poetry;  
A joyful man I trow was hé.

TROMPETER-SHÜLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 7, 1854.

CAW, caw, caw,  
Blithe Jackdaw,  
Come hère to me;  
Whý so shy?  
Thou and I  
May wéll agree.

Í for great  
Chúrch and State  
Cáre not one spittle,  
Ánd I trow,  
Wise bird, thou  
Car'st júst as little.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854.

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"THERE is a wee wee word I love  
All other wee wee words above;  
What may this wee wee word be, guess;  
Three letters spell it" — "Y — E — S."

"This wee wee word has a wee brother  
Whom I hate more than any other  
Ill-natured wee wee dwarf I know,  
Two letters spell his name" — "N — O."

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 1—2, 1854.

TWENTY apples fór a pénny;  
Néver gáve, befóre, so mány;  
Cóme, Sir, buý;  
Twénty ápples frésh and fair,  
Mélting sweét as ány peár;  
Thére, Sir, trý.

Buý my ápples, spénd your pénny;  
Nó one élse will gíve as mány;  
Whát, Sir? deár!  
Fair 's the price or í 'd not ásk it;  
Íf your wíse you 'll cleár my básket —  
Húzza, cleár!

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

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"Album mutor in alitem."

THE Roman Lyrist's soul, 'tis said,  
Oút of his body when it fled,  
Entered the body of a swan,  
And thére continued to sing ón.

But whén the bard of Ambleside,  
Fóllowing the example, died,  
His spirit — never of much use —  
Entered the body of a goose,  
And, faithful to its ancient knack,  
Kept gabbling ever, gak gak gak.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 18—19, 1854.

## THE TWO WRESTLERS.

Two wréstlers met once on a green;  
Two sturdier carls were never seen;  
Each other's enemies, I ween,  
Time immemorial they had been.

"Well met, well met," at once they cried;  
"Now let us our old feud decide;"  
And with the word doffed cloak and hood;  
And naked on the champaign stood.

One moment each the other eyed  
From top to toe, from side to side;  
Then raised his brawny arms on high  
And closed upon his enemy.

The one was florid, fresh, and fair,  
With ruddy cheeks and curly hair;  
The other swarthy, grizzled, grim,  
But not less stout in heart and limb.

The fresh and fair one has the waist  
Of his athletic foe embraced  
With both his arms, and holds him tight,  
And hugs him close with all his might.

His enemy with adroiter grip  
And stronger arm, upon the hip  
Takes him, and lifts him from the ground,  
And runs with him the arena round,

Then flings him down and says: — "Lie there;  
Another time thou 'lt hardly dare  
To cope with me; this day remember,  
The first day of my own November."

How long upon the sward there lay  
The vanquished wrestler I can't say,  
But six months after, he was seen  
Encountering, on the selfsame green,

His grim opponent. Short and few  
The words that then passed 'twixt the two;  
But here and there, and high and low,  
Each battered each with many a blow;

The sweat out on their temples broke,  
The dust around them rose like smoke;  
His late success the one inspired,  
Shame and revenge the other fired;

And now the fair, the stronger seemed;  
The swarthy now you 'd stronger deemed;  
Till, all at once, his active foe  
Dealt to the swarthy such a blow

As laid him senseless on the sward: —  
"There now," he cried, "take thy reward  
For thy November victory,  
And still in May remember me."

Wondrous it seems, but when the sere  
November set in the next year,  
On the same green the champions same,  
By chance or fate, together came

And fought again. Victorious he  
Whó the last year had victory  
Won on that day, and low he lay  
Who had the victor been in May.

And so each following year, they say,  
In each November and each May,  
Came off a fight upon that green  
Those ancient enemies between.

And still the ruddy, fresh, and fair  
Was conqueror in May's genial air,  
And triumphed all the summer long,  
Héro of many a joyous song;

And still November saw him fall,  
Stripped from his brow the coronal,  
And hailed his gaunt opponent king  
And conqueror, till the following spring.

Begun at MAINBERNHEIM (near WÜRZBURG), Nov. 29. Finished while  
walking from NEUSTADT to MÜNCHAURACH (near ERLANGEN), Nov. 30, 1853.

SHE wrought it for him with her own true hand,  
 Of blue and white silk wrought it, and with patterns  
 Adorned it of all sorts of fruits and flowers —  
 Róses and violets and marigolds,  
 Lillies and pansies and forget-me-not,  
 Red blushing apples and long pendent pears —  
 And in the middle, under a tall oak's  
 Outspreading branches, her own form depicted  
 Seated beside him on the mossy turf,  
 Her hand in his locked, his sword laid beside him,  
 And in his buttonhole a sprig of wild thyme.  
 With busy needle three months long she wrought it,  
 Sitting up late at night and rising early,  
 And on the morn he set out for the wars  
 Tied the scarf round his neck and bade him wear it  
 In memory of her and of the day  
 They pledged each other hand and troth beneath  
 That firm and constant oak's wide-spreading branches;  
 And then with tears and sad foreboding kissed him,  
 And prayed God bless him and protect him always,  
 And bade farewell, and stood and after him  
 With straining eyes looked till he disappeared  
 In the far distance; then sick sick at heart,  
 Lonely and sad and slow, homewards returned,  
 And never from that hour heard of him more.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.



### THE THREE CREEDS.

**THREE** travellers far out of the South, East, and West  
At one table are met and regale on the best  
Capon, pastry, and champagne the inn can afford,  
And thus to each other talk, over the board: —

"I met," says the first, "as I came here tonight,  
That far-famous spectre in steel armour dight,  
In his hand was a lance, his sword hung by his side,  
And his beard was as black as with ink 't had been dyed" —

"Stop there!" cried the second; "I too met the knight,  
But I swear by the cross that his beard was snow white;  
I marked it with both my eyes as he passed by  
Not two arms' length off; and the moon riding high."

"I saw the knight too," thus the third traveller cried;  
"A long lance in his hand and his sword at his side,  
He rode with me toward this house more than half way,  
And if ever was gray beard, that knight's beard was gray."

"It was black, Sir, jet black" — "I insist 'twas snow white" —  
"Gray, gray, if a man may believe his own sight" —  
"Black" — "gray" — "white" — "Sir, I wouldn't believe  
my own brother."  
"Sir, I think I can see just as well as another."

As loud they disputed and still warmer grew,  
Came a knocking outside and the door open flew,  
And into the room, in his steel armour bright,  
With his lance and his sword, stalked the grim-visaged knight.

Cold oozed the salt sweat on each traveller, I trow,  
And stark stáring erect stood the hair on his brow,  
As Charlemagne's spectre sat down at their board,  
And looked round chill upon them without saying word.

In a full suit of steel he was clad cap-a-pie,  
But his vizor was up, and his face plain to see:  
Roman nose, chalky teeth, lips drawn into a grin,  
Hollow cheeks, eyes of fire, not one hair on his chin.

So he sat, and looked round while you 'd tell four times four,  
Then got up, turned his back, and walked out through the door,  
Silent, solemn, and noiseless as ón Windsor height  
The captain on guard stalks his watch at midnight.

More free then the travellers began to draw breath,  
And the blood to their cheeks came, just now pale as death;  
'Twas the second that spóke first: — "And didn't I say so?  
And haven't you both seen now, his beard 's white as snow?"

"No, I haven't," cried the first; "contradict as you will;  
I said first it was black, and I say the same still;"  
"It 's as gray," cried the third, "as a cuckoo in May;  
What child does not know Charlemagne's beard was gray?"

"Í dont know it" — "Nor I" — The three travellers so  
In Aix la Chapelle bandied "No," "Yes," and "No."  
In what year? if you ask me, I vow I don't know;  
For that question 's disputed too — "No," "Yes," and "No."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854.

## ZULEIMA.

„In dem schwarz und dunkelrothen  
Goldumbligten Festgewand,  
Sieht die glutgewöhnte Tochter  
Spaniens an des Nordens Strand,  
In der Brust das ew'ge Sehnen  
Nach verlorenem Liebesglück,  
Und der Thräne feuchte Perle  
Glänzt im dunklen Flammenblick.“

Julius Schanz.

“PÁLLID síster with the blué eyes  
And the fíne and fláxen ringlets,  
Whý so shý of á poor gípsy?  
Hów can Spain's dark daughtér hárm thee?

“Hóld thy hánd out. Háh! I seé it —  
Pále-faced maídens toó have lóvers;  
Sít down ón the bánk here with me,  
Thís white hánd requíres some stúdy.

“Lét me seé; acróss the pálm straight —  
Lúcky thát, he 's táll and wéll-made.  
Fróm the veín to thé forefinger —  
Lúcky thát too, hé 's of high blood;

“Ánd there 's lúck here in thís árchéd line  
Róund the thúmb's base whén the hánd 's closed —  
Pále-faced síster, thou árt háppy  
Íf he 's ás good ás he 's hándsome.

“Bút these fíve spots ón thy thúmb-náil,  
Threé alóng it ánd two cróssing —  
Sister, síster, hé 'll betráy thee;  
Seé my thúmb-náil hás the sáme cross.”

Wherefore gazes Spain's dark daughter  
On her own long, sunburnt fingers?  
Has she quite forgot the blue-eyed  
Northern maid that sits beside her?

Ah! her mind is far off wandering  
On the banks of Guadalquivir;  
Ah! she 's thinking of the stranger  
That there wooed and won and left her.

Of the stranger youth she 's thinking  
With the fair skin and the light hair;  
Though he left her she will love him  
If he loves no other maiden;

She will love him though he left her,  
And through all the world will seek him —  
Poor blind prophetess, how little  
Guessesst thou he is so near thee!

One by one her light guitar strings  
Slowly sadly she is screwing;  
Could she the last air remember  
She played for him ere he left her,

As they sat in the verandah  
Of the venta in Sevilla,  
On that sultry July evening,  
With Spain's full moon on them shining,

When he swore he 'd always love her,  
Never leave her or forsake her,  
And the next moon that on Seville's  
Towers and domes should pour her full light,

Should with silver tip the bridal  
Cháplet ón Zuleíma's fórehead,  
And glance gáily fróm a góld ring  
Ón her lóng and táper finger.

Bút there 's nó ring ón that finger  
Thóugh twelve moóns their light have sínce filled,  
And by órange cháplet néver  
Sháll that dárk brow bé encircled;

And that stránger yóuth she 's néver  
Seén or heárd of, fór those twélve moons:  
Hás he sét sail fróm Gibráltar?  
Ín the cóld North is he woóing?

Shé has léft the Guádalquivir  
And the wárm sun óf Sevilla  
With guitár in hánd to wánder  
Nóρθward á poor fórtune-téller;

Nóρθ to wánder ánd to seék him  
Ón the Thámes' banks ór the Húmber,  
And in mány a cóld and gráy eye  
Fór twelve moóns in váin has sóught him.

With a dárk-eyed Spánish maiden's  
Glówing heárt Zuleíma 'll lóve him,  
Íf he hás not tó anóther  
Given the heárt that wás Zuleíma's.

Íf he hás — the pále deceíver,  
Cáculáte thóugh hé may shréwdly,  
Hás not cóunted úp the réckoning  
Ás Spain's dárk-eyed maíd will cóunt it.

Distant ás her thoughts thus wándered,  
Ánd with hér guitár strings idly  
Playéd her fingers, ánd the dárk fringe  
Óf her lids half hid her eýes' light,

Ánd with still encreásing wónder  
Thé pale Nóthern gázed upón her,  
Cáme, with hóund and hórn, a táll youth  
Ánd the blúe-eyed maid accó sting: —

“Whére hast beén? Through woód and válley  
Áll day lóng I 've sougth my Éllen;  
Trúant maid, and cánst thou thús play  
With the fón d heart óf thy William?”

“Cóme, with this leash í will bind thee  
Thát thou stráy no móre from William” —  
Ánd he thréw abóut her white neck  
Thé embroídered scárf Zuleíma

Hád wrought fór him with her ówn hand  
Ánd bound róund his néck in Séville  
Ón the évening thát he plédged her,  
Ás they sát in thé verándah

Óf the vénta, in the móonlight,  
Oáth and tróth that hé would néver,  
Néver úntil deáth forsáke her,  
Hér, his ówn dark-eyed Zuleíma.

Éllen's árm is lócked in William's;  
Cálléd the dógs back with a whistle;  
Fróm the spót the páir are túrning —  
Goód God! wás that glánce Zuleíma's?

'Twás Zuleíma's; bút it wás not  
Like Zuleíma's glánce in Séville  
Whén she bound th' embroidered scárf round  
William's néck in thé verándah,

Bý the moónlight, ánd looked ón him  
With such eýes as thé gazéllé looks  
Ón the kindly hánd that féeds it  
Night and mórning with fresh fódder:

With such gláre as springs the tigress  
Ón the jáckal thát has véntured  
Néar the júngle whére her cúbs lie,  
Ón the fálse youth spráng Zuleíma,

Ánd the lóng and shárp stílétto  
Spain's dark daúghters in their gárter  
Cárry fór offénce and défence,  
Ín his néck left tó the hílt plunged,

Ánd while vainly tried the trémbling  
Blué-eyed maid to extráct the weápon,  
Ánd for hélp called, ánd the ébbing  
Life's blood with th' unlúcky scárf staunchéd

Turnéd her báck and wálked off slówly.  
Hápless maid, go; í fórgíve thee;  
Má'y'st thou reách Seville in sáfety,  
Ánd thy nátive Guádalquívir.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 20, 1854.

"DÓCTOR, when will you at home be?"

Deáth, one mórning, thus said to me,

As I met him at a pátient's —

Deáth and I are óld acquaintance —

"I 've been thinking to call on you,

Bút don't wish to interrúpt you

In your pleásure or your bússiness;

Sáy the hóur that 's móst convénient."

"As you 're só good, Deáth," I ánswered,

"Évery hóur to mé the sáme is;

A friэнд's visit 's álwáys wélcome,

Súnday, weékday, night or mórning.

"Bút if I might máke so frée, Death,

I 'd just bég one fávor of you;

Dróp in on me únexpécted,

I hate céremónious vísits.

"Cóme to mé as friэнд to friэнд comes,

On a súdden, when least thought of;

Pípes and gróg are álwáys reády,

And the máches on the táble.

"Drínking, smóking, wé will sít, Death

Tête-à-tête till wé grow heárty;

Thén for ány spreed you like best,

Oút we 'll sálly on the báttér."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 29, 1853.



*Betsy sings at her spinning-wheel.*

My William 's tó the seá gone,  
The deep deep rólling seá;  
Fly, weeks and mónths, away quick  
Till hé comes báck to mé.

Sweet wére the wórds my William  
Said ás he wént away: —  
“We 'll lóve each óther, Bétsy,  
Until our dýing dáy.

“Think óf me óften, Bétsy,  
As you sit át your wheél,  
And lét no coáxing sly youth  
Your héart from William steál;

“And í to you will cónstant  
And éver faithful bé,  
And nó sly maíd my héart shall  
Kidnáp away from theé.”

Thread, thread, run through my fingers;  
Wheel, wheél, turn mérrily:  
For évery turn, my William  
One túrn is neárer mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 22, 1854.

*Betsy sings at her spinning - wheel.*

LAST night as í was spinning,  
A-spinning at my wheel,  
I thought I heard a light foot  
Behind me sófly steál.

Ah, could it bé my William!  
And a tear came to my eye,  
And my heart it gáve a flútter,  
And my thread it wént awry.

I did not dáre look round me  
For fear it wás not hé,  
And while my heart went pít pat: —  
“Bétsy, don't you know mé?”

“And don't I know my William,  
That 's cóme home sáfe to mé?”  
And in my árms I clásped him,  
And gáve him kisses threé: —

“And nów I háve you, William,  
You shall néver móre leave mé;  
Let thóse who háve no Bétsy  
Go róaming ó'er the seá.”

He thréw his árms about me  
And gáve me kisses threé: —  
“As lóng as í have Bétsy  
I 'll gó no móre to seá.”

And nów I ám so háppy  
As hére I sít and spin,  
That nóthing in this wórld more  
Can tróuble mé one pín;

For Í have gót my William  
Safe cóme back fróm the seá,  
And Í 'm as fónđ of William  
As my William 's fónđ of mé.

Thread, thread, run thróugh my fingers;  
Wheel, wheél, turn mérrily;  
For Í have gót my William,  
And my William hás got mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

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AS at the Danube's waters deep  
Was drínking once a Turkish sheep,  
Cáme from the North with hideous yell  
A Russian wolf, as stóries tell,  
And 'cross the mighty waters cried,  
That did the sheep from him divide: —  
"Fierce sheep, how dar'st thou terrify  
The frogs that in yon marshes lie?  
For fear of thee they dare not croak;  
Ceáse ere my anger thou provoke;  
Théy are my friends and I 'll not see  
Them trodden under-foot by thee."  
Then meekly thus the sheep replied: —  
"The Danube's rolling waters wide

Me and the frogs from thee divide,  
 And right well they and I agree,  
 Disturb not thou our harmony;  
 I never have offended thee."  
 "Thou liest, bold sheep, did I not see,  
 Though wide the stream twixt thee and me,  
 Hów, but just now, down to the brink  
 Thou cam'st and stoop'dst thy head to drink,  
 As though thou minded wert to drain  
 River and marsh and the whole plain,  
 And leave my friends, the frogs, to fry  
 Under the flaring sun and sky?"  
 His fangs, as thus he said; he gnashed,  
 Glared with his eyes, and furious dashed  
 Into the flood. The sheep, dismayed,  
 Turned round and fled, and cried for aid;  
 The shepherds, far off, heard the cry,  
 And answered: — "We 'll come by and by;  
 Thou mayst upon our care rely."  
 The river 's crossed and on the sheep  
 The hungry wolf comes with a leap,  
 Tears him to pieces in a trice —  
 Your Russian wolf was never nice  
 Carver of mutton — and well nigh  
 Had in his stomach packed a thigh,  
 When up the shepherds came with stones  
 And cried: — "Leave us at least the bones;"  
 And drove him off, and for their pains  
 Took home and roasted the remains,  
 And a good supper had that night  
 And laughed and sang till morning light.

Begun at BRUCHSAL, Nov. 21, 1853; finished while walking from  
 BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, Nov. 22, 1853.

I dónt remember well the date,  
 But once, as it was growing late,  
 And with long walking I was tired,  
 Thús of a German I inquired: —  
 “Pleáse, Sir, how fár off ’s the next town?”  
 Eyed me from head to foot the clown,  
 Then answered gruff: — “Thou travell’st late.”  
 “I know it, Sir; and therefore great  
 Is my anxiety to know  
 How many míles I ’ve yet to go.”  
 “And whát may then your business be  
 Ín the next town?” said he to me;  
 “And hów long there will be your stay?  
 And hów far have you come today?  
 Whére were you born? where do you live?  
 True answer to these questions give,  
 And thén I ’ll tell you, if I know,  
 How many miles you ’ve yet to go.”  
 “Good night,” said I, and left him there  
 Áfter me looking with a stare.  
 As ón I went, in doubt and dread  
 Whére I should lay that night my head,  
 I met a Frenchman: — “Pleáse, Sir, say  
 How far to \*\*\* and whát ’s the way.”  
 He bowed, took off his hat, and said: —  
 “Just twó short leagues; go right ahead  
 For half an hour, then to the right;  
 I hope you may arrive with light.”  
 Next Fortune an Italian threw  
 Across my path: — “Práy, Sir, will you

In kindness to a stranger say  
 How far to \*\*\* and which the way."  
 "Just half a league; but it 's too dark  
 The windings of the way to mark,  
 Só I 'll turn back, if you permit,  
 And gó with you a little bit —  
 Náy, it 's no trouble, quite a pleasure;  
 And I 'll from you an equal measure  
 Accept of kindness, if we ever  
 Meét in your country, and if never —  
 Why, 'tis no matter." So he said  
 And through the dark my footsteps led  
 Tó the towngate, then tó the hotel,  
 And, having waited till the bell  
 Was rung and answered, bade good night  
 And with the word was out of sight.

Begun while walking from GERICHSEIM to WÜRZBURG, Nov. 27.  
 Finished while walking from WÜRZBURG to ROTTENDORF, Nov. 28, 1853.

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A poem, when it 's first engendered  
 In the poet's teeming brain,  
 Is like a dark and troubled morning  
 Shót through by the dawn's first rays;  
 But when the poet's germ completed  
 Waits for the parturient throes,  
 A poem 's like the hour of sunrise  
 In the blue ethereal heaven.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
 March 2 — 3, 1854.

ODDS bóbs, brother Tom, do you knów, by the Pówers,  
It 's a mighty fine world this, this fine world of ours,  
With its rolicking, frolicking, eating and drinking;  
The ónly one bád thing I knów in it 's thinking.

He 's a jolly old fellow, that round red-faced Sun,  
That so knowingly looks down all day on our fun,  
As cantering, cápering, on we go hopping  
From one spree to another without ever stopping;

And though Mistress Moon 's whéy-faced and modest and shy,  
Yet she 's wélcome for áll that, when nobody 's by,  
To peép through the branches where under a tree  
My árm 's round my doxy and hér arm 's round me.

Yet fine as this wórld is, and we áll know it 's fine,  
'Twere a poór drimly drúmly world, sure, without wine;  
So to pále water-drinkers let 's leáve cares and pains,  
And with life's true elixir replenish our veins.

We 'll drink eách to the other and health to his lass;  
Tom, sénd round the bottle and fill up your glass;  
Let Jóve keep his Nectar, so we have the vine —  
Anóther dozen, fellow — it 's cápital wine.

God bléss Queen, lords, commons, and country, and town;  
God kéep our friends úp and our enemies down;  
And may Britons live happy and mighty and free,  
As lóng as Great Britain's shore 's wáshed by the sea.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 28, 1854.

TO SELINA.

„Es sind zwei kleine Fensterlein  
In einem großen Haus,  
Da schaut die ganze Welt hinein,  
Die ganze Welt heraus.“

THROUGH prétty little windows two  
Of bright and shining glass  
Oút on the world I cast my view  
And seeé all things that pass.

Through thése same pretty windows two  
The world looks in on me,  
And sees that in all things I do  
I 'm thinking but of thee.

And thou 'st two pretty windows blue  
Through which thou send'st thy soul;  
Would they had never met my view!  
My heart had then been whole.

They 're often wet, those windows blue,  
Those diamond panes of thine —  
Ah! máke me not for ever rue  
That thy glance e'er met mine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.



## COFFEE.

If thy heart and spirits sink,  
Coffee coffee bé thy drink;  
Coffee strong and coffee hot  
Piping from the collied pot.

Pour it out; it pleases mé  
Thé clear brówn cascade to see  
Arching from the spout, and up  
Filling thé white china cúp.

Fill the cúp, the saúcer fill;  
Pour it liberal, pour it still;  
Stint me in wine, but néver think  
To stint me when I coffee drink.

Cándy, if the coffee 's bád,  
And rich créam you 're frée to ádd;  
Íf it púre and génuine bé,  
Leáve it in its púritý.

Anóther cúp, anóther still,  
And still anóther; pour on till  
Either I sáy stop, ór there 's nó  
Anóther dróp left in the pót.

Nów my heárt and spírits rise;  
Róund the wórld my fáncy flíes,  
Ánd with sweéts retúrns to mé,  
Láden like the hóney beé.

Nów I 'm weálthy, wíse and greát;  
Time for mé has lóst its weíght;  
Lét the clóck strike, whát care í  
Whéther mínutes creép or flý?

Páper, péns here — í 'll indíte  
Póetry till mórning líght;  
Time enóugh to thínk of sleép  
Whén the dáwn begíns to peép.

O'erflówing bówl of spárkling wíne  
I néver díd nor wíll declíne,  
And BÁCCHUS stíll shall hónoRED bé  
By évery jóvIAL sóul and mé,

But whén I wríte or reád or thínk,  
CÓFFEE cóffee bé my drínk,     •  
CÓFFEE stróNG and cóffee hÓT  
Píping fróm the cóllíed pÓT.

Written while walking from MOSBACH to WALLDÜRN (between HEIDELBERG  
and WÜRZBURG), Nov. 25 — 26, 1853.

## TEA.

WISHY-WASHY if thou 'dst bé,  
Pléntifully drink of teá;  
Bé it stróng or bé it weak,  
Teá 's the drink will blánnch thy cheék.

If thou 'rt heárty, stóut, and hále,  
Drinking teá will máke thee aíl;  
If thou 'rt sick and neéd'st a núrse,  
Drinking teá will máke thee wórse.

Lionheárted if thou bé,  
And mórn\*and évening drinkest teá,  
Ere lóng thou 'lt creép about the hóuse,  
Pítiful as ány móuse.

Drink teá ere thou liest dówn in béd,  
No slúmber sweét lights ón thy heáð;  
From fríghtful visions, feárs, and dreáms,  
Thou wákest with terrífic screáms.

If in the mórning thou drink'st teá,  
Heávy and sád all dáy thou 'lt bé,  
With stómach windy, weak, and dúll,  
Ánd, though émpthy, fééling fúll.

I 'll nót hear tálk of wholesome teá;  
Bé it black cóngo, brówn boheá,  
Or flówery pékoe, ór the greén  
Hýson drunk bý our nóble Queén

Áfter a mátrimónial miff  
Or whén Lord Jóhnnny hás been stíff,  
Ánd she 's a heáð-ache, it 's the sáme  
Sure póison, whátsoe'ér its náme.

Hím that drinks mórn and évening teá  
Shún as thou 'dst shún an énemý;  
Cáptious and quárelling át a stráw  
He finds in évery thíng a fláw,

And with his neárest friénd will breáke  
Becaúse his ówn heart 's síck and weak;  
Thou 'lt píty him íf thou rightly thínk'st,  
O háppy mán, that cóffee drínk'st;

But keép far fróm him; thóugh not báð  
In heárt and gráin, he 's thórough máð,  
Drúnk, or posséssed, beyónd all cúre  
So lóng as teápots sháll endúre;

And in hís fits thou 'lt seé him flíng  
His légs abóút, and heár him síng: —  
“Jénny, pút the kéttle ón;  
Páddy, blów the béllows stróng.”

But whén he hás a strónger fít  
His éyes grow bríght and shárp his wít,  
And glíð his tóngue, and íf his friénd  
Have fáults they 're át his fínger énds,

And hé 'll not spare, though 'twére his bróther,  
His fáther, síster, ór his móther;  
So shún him thóu, and tó drink teá  
Íf he invites thee, think of mé.

Composed while walking from WALLDÜRN to GERICHSHHEIM (near WÜRZBURG),  
November 26 — 27, 1853.

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#### JULIUS TO PAULINE.

THERE 's nót an hóur that pásses  
But Í hear sóme one sáy: —  
“Ah, whát a wórlđ of woé 's this,  
Of tróuble, night and dáy!

“It 's sórrow, pain, and síckness,  
And heavínéss and gáll;  
I wish I 'd díed an ínfant,  
Or nót been bórñ at ál.”

But Í dont fínd the wórlđ so,  
My ówn bríght-eyed Paulíne,  
For sínce I fírst behéld thee  
A háppy mán I 've beén.

And íf the wórlđ 's ímpérféct,  
I knów one cértáín méans  
T' ímpróve ít — lét kínd Heáven be  
Less stíngy of Paulínes.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.

PAULINE TO JULIUS.

THERE was a time I doubted  
On eárrth dwelt háppíness,  
And wóndered wén I héárd men  
God fór his goódnness bléss.

The wórrld to me at thát tíme  
Seemed crippled ánd ill máde;  
The súnner sún but scórched me,  
I shívered in the sháde.

But sínce the tíme my éyes fírst  
On theé, dear Július, lít,  
All thíngs to mé seem lóvely  
And pérfectly to fít;

The sún 's never too hót now,  
The sháde never too coól,  
Not-right 's but the excéption  
And Ríght the general rúle.

And bý and by when Július  
Is míne and only míne,  
There 'll bé no more excéption,  
But évery thíng dívine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.

FUTURE, PRESENT, PAST.

Nów I háve thee, slippery sérpent,  
Lét me leísurely admíre thee;  
Há! what 's this? those raínbow cólors,  
Which so chármed me ére I caúght thee,  
Áll have vánished, ánd I fínd thee  
Bút a háteful, úgly blíndworm.  
Thére! begóne! I cáre not fór thee;  
Thoú shalt nó again deceive me.  
Wónderfúl! there théy again are,  
Évery cólor óf the raínbow,  
Brighter stíll and brighter glówing,  
Fárther fróm me ás thou glídest —  
Áh! could í again but cáтч thee,  
Thoú shouldst nó escápe so eásy.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 5 — 6, 1854.

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*To a snuffy old maid who persecuted the author with her attentions.*

Thy dropping nose says thou grow'st old;  
Thy dropping nose says thy blood 's cold;  
Thy dropping nose says, "Love 's not here"  
Thy dropping nose says, "Come not near."  
Thy dropping nose says quite enough,  
Even if it didn't say thou tak'st snuff.

Written while walking from ROTTENDORF (near WÜRZBURG) to MAINBERN-  
HEIM, Nov. 28, 1853.

GOOD night said,  
Snúg in' bed  
    Stretched out I lie;  
Clóthes tucked in  
Under chin,  
    To sleép I try.

'Twill not do;  
All night through  
    I túrn and toss,  
Lét me lie  
Lów or high,  
    Léngthwise or 'cross.

Whát can 't be  
So troubles me?  
    Tea, coffee, stróng?  
Háve I walked  
Wórked or talked  
    Too fast or long?

Í 'm not sick;  
Púlse not quick;  
    I háve no pain.  
Lét me see;  
Whát may 't be  
    So túrns my brain?



Ít is not  
Píping hot  
    Cófífee or tea,  
Toó much talk,  
Toó long walk —  
    What cán it be?

Plágue take Bess;  
Nów I guess  
    Hów the wind lies;  
Foól! that I  
Véntured nigh  
    Those dándgerous eyes.

Lów or high  
Lét me lie,  
    'Cross or lengthwise,  
Every where  
Théy are there,  
    Those pláguy eyes.

Whéther they  
Blué, black, gray,  
    Or házel be,  
Í 'd be loth  
Ón my oath  
    To guarantee;

Áll I know  
Ís, they so  
    Before me keep  
Dándcing bright  
Áll the night,  
    I cánnot sleep.

Wére I King  
Thére 's a thing  
    I móre would care,  
Thán that dogs  
Should neck-logs  
    Or múzzles wear.

Í 'd encrease  
Mý police,  
    And measures take,  
Bright-eyed maids  
Should wear shades  
    While théy 're awake.

Thick, close hood  
Ór vail should  
    Keep in the light,  
Ór muffed glass  
Nót let pass  
    The rádiance bright.

Sóund might then  
Sleép young men  
    The livelong night,  
Ín their bed  
Ás if dead,  
    Till mórning light.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 25, 1854.

## RAM - SAM - TAM TIBBOO.

ONCE on a time, says history,  
There reigned in Timbuctoo  
A curly-haired, black autocrat,  
Called Rám-Sam-Tam Tibboó.

His height was nine and ninety feet;  
His breadth fifteen or more;  
Unluckily his weight precise  
The chronicles ignore;

But from his height and breadth to judge,  
He must at least have been  
Some twenty tons when he was fat,  
Some twelve when he was lean.

All kings are great, all kings are wise,  
All kings are good, I know;  
But wise and good and great as hé  
Reigned néver here below.

His palace was a mile in length  
And threé miles round about,  
And six-score feet high every door  
To let him in and out.

His chairs were all of adamant,  
His sofas all of gold,  
His pipe a hollow cylinder  
Out of pure silver rolled,

And wide enough was in the bore  
And long enough, they say,  
To have carried off a steamer's smoke,  
Had we it here today.

The shadows of great things are great,  
As every body knows;  
But Tibboo's shadow was so great  
Even to the clouds it rose.

Especially the setting sun  
Would throw it up so high  
That you could see it moving like  
A giant in the sky.

And then the people, struck with awe,  
Would prostrate fall before  
The unsubstantial Titan form  
And humbly thus adore: —

“O thou incomprehensible  
Likeness of great Tibboó,  
Deign graciously to look on us  
People of Timbuctoó.

“Tibboó of earth the ruler is,  
Of heaven the ruler thou;  
Wé are the subjects of the two,  
Before the two we bow.

"O teach us which to honor most  
The substance or the shade,  
Thee who created hast all things,  
Or him who thee has made.

"Hé is thy father, thou his son,  
And hé thy son again;  
Derived from thee his power and right  
To rule over all men.

"Long may he rule and long may thou  
Rule with him, mighty shade;  
And soon may each the other see  
By the whole world obeyed.

"Stand ye to us, we 'll stand to you,  
Ye indivisible pair,  
And trample under foot all who  
To impeach your rights shall dare.

"Your enemies our enemies,  
Your friends shall be our friends,  
And in your names we 'll overrun  
Earth to its utmost ends.

"And still our rallying cry shall be: —  
Hurrah for the great Twó!  
And long may they reign over us  
People of Timbuctóó!"

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 13, 1854.

## TRUDGING ALONG.

How I wish you 'd a sight of us trudging along!  
You wouldn't laugh at us, for that would be wrong,  
But I think you 'd be making about us a song;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

My once glossy black hat 's turned dunduckety brown,  
And Katharine's straw bonnet 's dinged deep in the crown,  
And Oh! my heart bleeds when I see her poor gown;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For it 's tattered before and it 's spattered behind,  
And turned twenty colors by sun, rain and wind;  
You 'd be puzzled the original color to find;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

Our shoes' uppers are broken and so are their soles,  
And the heels of our stockings are worn into holes,  
But our patience is great and our sufferings consoles;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

So weary and dreary and hungry and slow,  
With our feet all in blisters, and corns on each toe,  
Admiring these foreign parts onward we go;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

All day long we 're asking how far off is Rome;  
And all night long we 're fretting about friends at home,  
And wondering what makes them not like to roam;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For ás in this whóle world there 's nót to be found  
A spot pérfectly happy, the advice must be sound —  
If your wise you 'll keep constantly changing your ground;  
Sing díderum déé, dee, díderum déé.

And só we go trudging on all round the year,  
Let the weather be cold or hot, misty or clear,  
And we only wish sóme we know wére with us here;  
Sing díderum déé, dee, díderum déé.

Written while travelling on foot from GRELLINGEN (in the MÜNSTERTHAL)  
over the WEISSENSTEIN, to BERN; Oct 25—27, 1853.

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#### MAN'S UNIVERSAL HYMN.

THE Lord 's my God and still shall be,  
Fór a kind God he is to me,  
And gives me a carte-blanche to rob  
His óther creatures, and to fob  
Fór my own use their property,  
So good and kind he is to me.  
He bids me pluck the goose and take  
Her sóft warm down my bed to make,  
Then turn her out with raw skin bare  
To shiver in the cold, night air;  
Her nów-laid eggs he bids me steal  
To make me a delicious meal,  
And, when she has no more to lay,  
Commands me cram her every day  
With oaten meal 'till she 's so plump  
The fat 's an inch deep on her rump,  
Then cut her throat and roast and eat,  
And thank him for the luscious treat.

The Lord 's my God and still shall be,  
För a kind God he is to me;  
He makes the bee construct his cell  
Of yellow wax and fill it well  
With honey for his winter store,  
And, when it 's so full 'twill hold no more,  
Cómes and points out the hive to me,  
And says: — "I give it all to thee;  
Small need 's for winter store the bee  
Who never a winter is to see;  
Kill him and eat his honey thou,  
Í 'm the bee's God, and thee allow."

I lóve the Lord my God, for he  
Loves all his creatures tenderly,  
But more than all his creatures, me.  
He bids me from the dam's side tear  
The tender lambkin and not spare: —  
"Piteous though bleat the orphan'd dam,  
Túrn a deaf ear and dine on lamb."

I love the Lord my God, for he  
Loves áll his creatures tenderly,  
But more than all his creatures, me.  
He bids the gallant horse live free  
And more than life love liberty;  
Then says to me: — "The horse is thine;  
Thou shalt in slavery make him pine;  
Confine him in a dungeon dim,  
Fétter him every joint and limb,  
Máim him, cut off his tail and ears —  
Thou know'st the use of knife and shears —  
A réd-hot brand the bleeding sears;  
Don't mind his quivering or his groans,



I 'd have men's hearts as hard as stones.  
So far so good, but much remains  
Still to be done ere for thy pains  
Thou hast a willing, servile brute,  
Who shall not dare the will dispute  
Of his taskmaster; a bold, free  
And noble spirit he has from me,  
And worse than death hates slavery;  
This noble spirit how to quell  
I 'll teach thee now — remember well  
I am the God and friend of both  
The horse and thee, and would be loth  
Either to one or to the other  
Aught ill should happen; thou 'st a brother  
In every creature great or small;  
The same Lord God has made ye all —  
So when thou 'st cropped him ears and tail,  
And maimed him so he 's neither male  
Nor female more, fasten a strong  
Stout bar of iron with a thong  
Between his jaws; then through a ring  
In the bar's near end run a string  
Of twisted hemp, and hold it tight  
In thy left hand, while with thy right  
Thou scourgest him with a long lash so  
That, will-he nill-he, he must go —  
Not onward, for thou hast him bound  
Fast by the jaw, but round and round,  
Thou in the middle standing still  
And plying the lash with right good will;  
At first, no doubt, he 'll fume and fret  
And fall perhaps into a sweat  
Of agony, and upward rear,  
And spurn the ground, and paw the air —

What is 't to thee? lash thou the more;  
 When tired behind, begin before,  
 Still holding him by the muzzle fast;  
 Pain breaks the stoutest heart at last;  
 Ere a short month he 'll do thy will,  
 Gallop, trot, canter or stand still  
 At thy least bidding, carry, draw,  
 And labour for thee until raw  
 And galled his flesh and blind his eyes  
 And lame his feet, and so he dies,  
 If thou so little know'st of thrift  
 And of the right use of my gift  
 Of all my creatures unto thee  
 Both great and small whatever they be,  
 As to allow thine old worn-out  
 And battered slave to go about  
 Consuming good food every day  
 And standing awkward in the way,  
 When for the fee of his shoes and hide  
 Thou might'st have all his wants supplied  
 By the knacker's knife; be merciful  
 And when he can no longer pull,  
 Nor carry thee upon his back,  
 To the knacker send thy hack."

Ye little birds, in God rejoice,  
 And praise him with melodious voice:  
 Small though ye are, he minds ye all,  
 And "never to the ground shall fall  
 A sparrow without his consent,"  
 By which beyond all doubt is meant —  
 Man, take thy victim; clip his wing;  
 Put out his eyes that he may sing  
 As sweet in winter as in spring;

Confine him in close prison-house  
Where scarcely could turn round a mouse;  
What though I made him wild and free  
In the wood to range from tree to tree  
And more than life love liberty,  
Lét it not fret thee, he is thine  
By virtue of a writ divine —  
Cáge him, if he sings soft and sweet;  
If bad his voice, kill him and eat.

Indwellers of the deep, blue sea,  
To praise the Lord unite with me;  
Ye grampuses and mighty whales  
That lash the water with your tails  
Ínto a foam, and spirt it high  
Úp through your nostrils to the sky,  
Rejoice with me; the Lord of heaven  
Ínto my hands your lives has given,  
And taught me how best to pursue  
And hunt ye through the waters blue  
With barbed harpoon, till far and wide  
The ocean with your life's blood 's dyed.

Ye salmon, herring, wide-mouthed cod,  
Praise in your hearts the Lord your God,  
Who has made you of the ocean free,  
Then whispered in the ear to me: —  
“Gó, take thy nets and trawl for fish;  
On fast-days they 're an excellent dish  
With vinegar, mustard and cayenne” —  
Praise ye the Lord; I 'll say Amen.

Come hither every living thing,  
And in full chorus with me sing

The praise of him who reigns above,  
The God of justice, and of love,  
Who for my use has made ye all,  
Bird, beast, fish, insect; great and small.  
For me ye build, for me ye breed;  
For me ye work, for me ye bleed;  
I fatten on ye; ye are mine;  
Come praise with me the work divine  
And its great author, just and good,  
Who has given ye all to me for food,  
Clothing or pleasure, or mere sport;  
His praise to all the ends report  
Of the wide earth: sing, ever sing  
The all-righteous maker, father, king.

Begun near AUGST during a foot tour in SWITZERLAND, Octob. 22;  
finished on the NECKAR near HEIDELBERG, Nov. 24, 1853.

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"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

I 'd like to know the reason why  
Thou look'st so upwards toward the sky;  
Is 't at the sun or at the moon?  
Or is it at a big balloon?

POET.

It 's neither at the sun nor moon  
I 'm looking, nor a big balloon;  
I 'm looking at a pewter spoon;  
Art satisfied? good afternoon.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

But there 's no pewter spoon up high  
In the clouds there or the sky;  
Pewter is heavy, and 'twould fall  
If pewter spoon were there at all.

POET.

A pewter spoon I plainly see  
Between the clear blue sky and me;  
I see the handle, see the bowl,  
Each part as perfect as the whole.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

If pewter spoon were there, 'twould be  
As clear and plain to me as thee;  
So say no more; for I 'd as soon  
Believe of green cheese made the moon.

POET.

Well well, I 'm wrong; but had it been  
My father's ghost that I had seen  
In my mind's eye —

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

Oh! then 'twere quite  
A different case, and thou 'dst been right.

POET.

Ye poets of the loftiest flight,  
Such are the men for whom ye write;  
The critics such who blast your name,  
Or hoist you on the wings of fame.

Begun while walking from MÜNCHAURACH to ERLANGEN, NOV. 30, 1853;  
finished while walking from HÖCHSTADT to POMMERSFELDEN, DEC. 2, 1853.

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

He \* sat upon the judgment-seat in ermine,  
And judged the causes as they came before him;  
Heard counsel plead, and weighed the evidence  
On both sides to a hair; then charged the jury,  
Expounding to them statute, law, and custom,  
And laid the case before them disembarassed  
Of all its ambiguity and clear  
And palpable to every comprehension;  
Then took their verdict and pronounced his fiat,  
Which his apparitors contended who  
Would first and speediest put in execution.  
While he was thus engaged came Finis, sudden,  
And, in direct contempt of Court, a smart tap  
With his forefinger struck him on the forehead,  
And down he fell, his ermine discomposing,  
And left the unfinished sentence and the crowds  
That waited on his words as on a God's;  
And three or four men came and in their arms  
Carried away a foul, disgusting carcase.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 26—27, 1854.

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\* "At the opening of the Commission here this morning for the trial of prisoners, Mr. Justice Talfourd was seized with an apoplectic fit while charging the Jury, and expired in less than five minutes." Stafford Journal, March 13, 1854.

## FRIENDS.

THIS world 's chokefùl of falsehoods  
From beginning unto énd,  
But the greátest falsehood in it  
Is — It 's hárd to find a friénd;

For friénds are quite as many  
And eásy to be got  
As blackberries on brambles  
When the autumn 's dry and hot.

“Then téll me how to gét them  
And for éver I 'm your friénd” —  
Ho, hó, are we already  
So very near the end?

If I téll you how to gét friends,  
You 'll for éver be my friénd,  
And só will every living soul  
To whóm I give or lend.

As long as you get fróm me,  
As lóng as on you I spend,  
And nót one moment lónger,  
Every mán of you 's my friend.

This world, it 's said, is máde for  
Many and noble ends;  
I hólđ it 's a mere market  
For búyíng and selling friends.

You can háve them of all prices  
And every quality  
From Cávalier and High-toast  
Down to Toády and Rappeeé.

But you 're not to expect to gét them  
And nóthing for them gíve;  
The séllers of commódities  
Must bý their traffic live.

So if your purse lets light through,  
And you can't make clink the gold,  
You 've no búsiness in the market  
Where friénds are bought and sold.

Hard cásh, good bills, or bártér,  
And cómmon trádesman skill,  
And you 're freé on friendship's fair-green  
To choóse what wares you will.

But gó not there a-bégging  
In name of God or man —  
*Quid pro quo* 's good Látin  
For Dávid and Jónathán.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 4, 1854.



“SINCE on the Roman sentry's rugged breast  
I first drew breath, I 've known no hour of rest:  
All my youth through, ten times each day I 've been  
Ducked in a pond to keep me sweet and clean;  
Arrived at ripe age I was torn away  
By violent hands, and in a prison lay  
Long years on years, shut out from light of day  
And the sweet air, with thousands, who like me  
Born heirs of freedom lived in slavery,  
And, plunged in darkness and perpetual night,  
Had almost quite forgot the sun and light;  
Tortures were our time's measure, for each day,  
As darkling, crowded, helpless, there we lay,  
A pair of strong hands, pouncing on us down,  
Thumped our poor carcasses from foot to crown  
And pounded to a jelly, while between  
Every two poundings a most foul, obscene  
And horrid monster — cruel Nature, why  
Fill a millstone with life and energy? —  
Threw himself on us with the whole of his weight,  
As if his object were to annihilate  
And put us out of suffering. Foolish, we,  
And to life clinging through our misery,  
Lived on; now thumped and pommelled out of breath,  
Now squeezed and bruised within an inch of death.

At last, one day, a mighty rocking came,  
 As of an earthquake, and the solid frame  
 Rent of our prisonhouse with such a roar  
 As in this world was never heard before,  
 And, all at once, upon our dazzled sight  
 Let in, in floods, the long forgotten light  
 Accompanied with such a blast as tore  
 Me from my comrades, not to see them more,  
 And hurried to the clouds and spun me round  
 As little boys a top spin on the ground;  
 And now 'twould drive me north, east, south, away,  
 Then to the west back, then as 'twere in play  
 Would let me sink down to the ground half way,  
 Then come beneath me and with upward swirl  
 Catch me and far into the blue sky whirl,  
 High as sailed ever toward the sun and moon  
 On voyage of discovery bold balloon.  
 At last it left me and into the sea  
 Down from the giddy height — ah, pity me! —  
 With many a headlong somerset I fell,  
 Not to be drowned — alas, I swam too well!  
 Three days and nights I floated aimlessly  
 Hither and thither on the boundless sea,  
 Full often cursing the malicious fate  
 That saved me from the millstone monster's weight  
 And the two pommeling hands and from the blast,  
 Only to drown me in the deep at last.  
 As raving thus I floated on and on,  
 A something dark between me and the sun  
 Came downward on me swooping, and up high  
 Out of the water bore me toward the sky,  
 Then let me drop, upon the land to fall  
 And by the blast be trundled like a ball  
 Forwards and back and sideways, or swept round

In éddyng circles o'er the uneven ground,  
Till bruised my flésh all and full many a bone  
In horseplay broken against stock or stone.  
And so my tale of woe draws to an end;  
The Fâtes this morning my deliverance send;  
A zephyr kind in through the open door  
Wâfts me to shelter on thy boarded floor  
In this snug corner, where, Oh! let me rest,  
If gentle pity ever touched thy breast;  
Hére in the sanctuary of the poet's room,  
Where seldom enters sweeping-brush or broom,  
Sâfe from the plagues of water and of air  
And from that monster's weight and from that pair  
Of heavy, beetling hands that never spare,  
Unnoticed let me live, unnoticed die,  
In this congenial cobweb's company."

With pity touched, the tender poet sighed  
And wiped a tear, and in these words replied: —  
"Unhappy emblem of the poet, live  
In such poor shelter as 'tis mine to give;  
Póets are feathers tossed by every blast,  
And, glad of any refuge at the last,  
They creep into some garret, and unknown,  
Unhonored dié unpitied and alone."

Begun while walking from BULLE over the DENT DE JAMAN to CHARNEY  
on the LAKE OF GENEVA, Nov. 1, 1853. Finished at GRELLINGEN in the MÜN-  
STERTHAL, Nov. 11, 1853.

'Tis the first  
Sweet outburst  
Of buds and flowers;  
Fresh and gay  
Breaks Sol's ray  
Out through the showers.

Hence! away!  
Cheerless day  
And long long night;  
Mája, bring  
Quick the spring,  
Love and delight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

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#### MOTHER TO EMIGRANT SON.

FAREWELL, my boy!  
My hope, my joy;  
God go with thee,  
And from all ill  
Preserve thee still  
Where'er thou be.

With breaking heart  
From thee I part  
To live alone,  
And cry, all day,  
He 's gone away!  
My son, my son!

Written while travelling from AMBERG to RATISBON, August 25, 1853.

## THE TWO BIRDS OF TENNO.\*

ON Tenno's tall acacia tree  
A Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —  
"Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
'Tis sweet to live at liberty."

"I can't get out," the Finch replied,  
And fluttered hard against the side  
Of the barred cage that on the wall  
Was hung of Tenno's ancient hall.

Prisoners three years the birds had been  
In the same cage, a Linnet green  
And yellow Finch, and every year  
Each to the other grown more dear.

At last, one day, out through the door  
Of the wire house, never before  
By Julietta left ajar,  
Away into the wood afar

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\* The village of Tenno, with its ancient castle well known in the history of the Italian Tirol, is situated on the top of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock projecting southwards in the form of a spur from the most northerly part of the steep, high, continuous and bare amphitheatre of mountains by which the basin of the Lago di Garda is inclosed and shut out from the world on the north and east and west. The story of the two birds is literally true and was related to me on the spot by Signora Giulietta Prati, to whom the birds belonged.

Flew happy Linnet. Juliet, why  
That instant turned thy watchful eye,  
And the door closed, and all alone  
Finch left to mourn his partner flown?

Next morn on the acacia tree  
The Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —  
“Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
’Tis sweet to live at liberty.”

“I can’t get out,” the Finch replied  
And fluttered hard against the side  
Of the wire prison. All in vain,  
The mourner’s passion to restrain,

The well-known voice, the proffered grain,  
The fresh-culled groundsel — all in vain —  
Chirrup or voice obtained no heed,  
Untasted lay the favorite seed.

And still without on Tenno’s tree  
The Linnet sang his melody: —  
“Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
’Tis sweet to live at liberty.”

And still within the Finch replied,  
And round and round against the side  
Of his strong prison fluttered still,  
As if he wished himself to kill;

And still, “I can’t get out,” he cried;  
And still against the cage’s side  
In answer to his friend’s call flew,  
And weaker still, and weaker grew,

Till, on the third day, from her bed  
When Juliet rose, she found him dead.  
A heart so tender and so true  
Among mankind I never knew.

Composed while walking from LANDECK over the ADLERBERG to DALAAS  
in VORARLBERG, October 4—5, 1853.

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"Antiqua sub religione."

NUMBER Thirteen 's unlúcky and always has been,  
Since Judas the traitor was number Thirteen;  
But Twelve is a number that ever shall be  
Counted lucky by all pious Christians and me,  
For it 's júst Twelve you make if you add to th' Eleven  
Remaining apostles the Lord out of heaven.  
Eleven 's lucky álso, because there were just  
Apostles Eleven that stood firm to their trust;  
But Ten 's neither lucky nor unlucky quite,  
For of the Ten bridesmaids but Five had no light.  
Nine and Eight are both lucky, for Nine months He lay  
In the womb of the Virgin, and on the Eighth day  
Was circumcised, who our sins' ransom to pay  
Died on the cursed tree. Number Seven 's lucky too,  
For 'twas ón the Seventh day Lord of Christian and Jew  
From áll his work rested, if Moses says true.  
Six and Five to be numbers unlucky I hold,  
For 'twas júst Six times Fíve silver pieces were told  
Down to Judas Iscariot. Always lucky was Four;  
The Evangelists never were fewer nor more.  
Thrice lucky, Thrice happy 's the charmed number Three,  
For Three kings from the Eást came the Saviour to see,

Three persons there are in the High Trinity,  
Triumphant the Third day Christ rose from the dead.  
Number Two is unlucky, all wise men have said,  
Since Two thieves with the Saviour were crucified;  
But of all numbers One is the glory and pride,  
For there 's One faith, One baptism for great and for small,  
One Christ, One Redeemer, One Lord over all.

HOFFER'S HOUSE, INNSBRUCK, Septem. 12, 1853.

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### THE YOUNG SPHINX.

"THERE are two little words, Papá,  
That mách all bú a T,  
And yét they meán quite ópposite things —  
What máy those twó words bé?"

"Lét me alone, you little fool;  
What mákes you péster mé?  
I 'm sùre it 's neither héré nor thére  
What twó words théy may bé."

"I sáy it is both héré and thére,  
Quite sùre and without dóubt;  
And nów I 've tóld you whát they are,  
I hópe you 'll find them óút."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 10, 1854.



MARY'S SWEETHEART TO HER DOG RAP.

RAP, I énvý theé thy slúmbers  
Ón thy cúshion át the fireside,  
With thy mistress síttíng bý thee,  
Sómetímes chátting, sómetímes sílent,  
Sómetímes sád, and sómetímes mérrý,  
Búsy sómetímes, sómetímes ídle,  
Bút at nó tíme, whéther ídle,  
Búsy, sílent, sád or mérrý,  
Theé forgéttíng ór thy cómfort.

Ráp, I énvý theé thy slúmbers  
Ón thy cúshion át the fireside,  
Bút I énvý móre thy wáking  
Tó be pátted bý thy mistress,  
Tó be kíssed perháps and cúddled,  
Ánd admítted tó the ónly  
Heáven I knów or hópe or cáre for,  
Máry's láp and sílken ápron.

Composed while walking from KONRADSEUTH (near Hof) to BIRNECK,  
August 20, 1853.

## I 'M AWAY O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

I 'm awáy o'er ~~the~~ mountain, awáy o'er the lea;  
Take your staff in your hand and along come with me;  
Leave the city to him ~~who the city enjoys~~ —  
I 'm sick of its turmoll, its smoke, and its noise.

We 'll tread the green sward, we 'll inhale the fresh 'breeze;  
We 'll feel the warm sunshine, and see ~~the~~ brave trees;  
We 'll hear the larks singing, and ~~smell~~ the sweet flowers  
Refreshed by the dew or the light, ~~passing~~ showers.

Up the steep hill we 'll zigzag through heather and moss;  
We 'll dive into the glen and the steppingstones cross;  
We 'll climb the rock's face and the wood's alleys thread,  
Where the chesnut and oak shake hands óver our head.

We 'll couch with the red deer, we 'll rise with the roe;  
We 'll rest when the sun 's high, go fast when he 's low;  
When we 're thirsty we 'll drink of the cool, crystal stream;  
There's no want, in the farmhouse, of eggs, cheese, and cream.

Then awáy to the mountains with light step and free,  
And awáy through the valleys come bounding with me;  
Leave behind you your cares, put two shirts in your pack,  
And may all our friends happy live, till we come back.

Written while travelling in Stollwagen from INNSBRUCK to STERZING,  
Sept. 13, 1853.

## VINCLA JUBALIA.

As I sat melancholic, one night after tea,  
By the side of the fire with a book on my knee,  
Neither reading nor thinking, but whiling the time  
With some hurdygurdy nonsensical rhyme  
That kept twirling incessantly round in my brain,  
I heard to the shovel the poker say plain: —  
“Lovely Shovel, this hearth’s greatest beauty and pride,  
An humble admirer that here by thy side  
Long has borne for thy dear sake heat, cold, dust and smoke —  
Nay, let not his boldness thine anger provoke —  
Dares at last to break silence and trembling confess,  
Without thee in this world there is no happiness  
For poor, wretched Poker; ah! turn not away;  
One kind look, even although no kind word thou should’st say.”  
“You ’ll not think me,” thus answered then Shovel, half pettish,  
“You ’ll not think me prudish, I hope, nor coquettish —  
Like some fair ones that sometimes sit here by the fire —  
If I tell you, in vain to my hand you aspire;  
It grieves me, believe me, but plain truth is best,  
And all round-about ways from my soul I detest;  
Until now I ’ve lived single, and single I ’ll die;  
So if you ’ll be married, please somewhere else try.”  
“Ah, be not so hardhearted,” as to her side  
He leaned himself over, thus Poker replied;

"Heaven néver bestowed on thee súch charming grace,  
 That delicate figure, that sweet, smiling face,  
 That thou should'st from thy lips down dash jóy's proferred cup,  
 And withín some dark cloister's walls shút thyself up,  
 To divide the sad day betwixt pénitence and prayer,  
 And túrn sweet life into one lóng long nightmáre;  
 Nay, if Heaven wants a bride there are plenty, I trow,  
 To be proud of the honor, but keep from him thou;  
 Time enough to bestow on that suitor thine heart,  
 When to páck up thou 'rt summoned and must hence depart."  
 "As for thát," answered Shovel, "I 'm much of your mind,  
 And feél no whit more for a marriage inclined  
 With heav'nly bridegroom than with earthly; LIVE FREE,  
 Might I bút choose my motto, 's the motto for me;  
 If you doubt that on good reason 's built what I say,  
 Ask Mr. and Mrs. Tongs over the way;  
 Or, without asking questions which might but perplex,  
 Just judge for yourself how that rivet must vex  
 Both the óne and the other; no matter how hot  
 Poor Mrs. Tongs is, there she 's bound to the spot,  
 Till it pleases her liége Lord and master to stir;  
 While a sheép might as well think to shake off a burr,  
 As hé without hér to get nearer the fire —  
 All in vain, all in vain, she would rather expire."  
 "Say no more, Miss;" said Poker; "a word to the wise —  
 But deuce take it that Shovels have súch pretty eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 9, 1854.

## THE YOUNG POET.

"SÉÉ, what a pretty chain, Mamma,  
Máde of bright góld links threé;  
Whát will you give me if I tell  
What thése three góld links bé?"

"Whát will I give you? I will give  
My Néddy kisses threé,  
Íf he can tell me what they áre  
More thán bright góld links threé."

"This énd one here is old grandmóther  
With the lóng lóng gray hair,  
That sits beside the fire all day  
Ín the great élbowl-chair;

"And héré am I, at the other end,  
Mammá's good little són;  
And, in the middle, there 's yourself —  
Haven't í three kisses wón?"

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

### TIRED.

ABOUT the meadow as I strayed  
Once with Selina, to the maid,  
Half joke, half earnest, thus I said: —

"I 'm tired of silence, tired of talking,  
Tired of standing, tired of walking,  
Tired of sitting, tired of lying,  
Tired of laughing, tired of crying,  
Tired of eating, tired of drinking,  
Tired of acting, tired of thinking,  
Tired of labor, tired of leisure,  
Tired of pain and tired of pleasure,  
Tired of ignorance, tired of knowledge,  
Tired of school and tired of college,  
Tired of false and tired of true,  
Tired of Christian, tired of Jew,  
Tired of myself, tired even of you  
Despite those lovely eyes of blue.

"I 'm tired of up and tired of down,  
Tired of country, tired of town,  
Tired of fop and tired of clown,

Tired of high and tired of low,  
Tired of fast and tired of slow,  
Tired of near and tired of far,  
Tired of peace and tired of war,  
Tired of weak and tired of strong,  
Tired of short and tired of long,  
Tired of fair and tired of foul,  
Tired of hat and tired of cowl,  
Tired of pen and tired of sword,  
Tired of deed and tired of word,  
Tired of real, tired of fictitious,  
Tired of virtuous, tired of vicious,  
But most of all, tired of religious.

"I'm tired of empty, tired of full,  
Tired of lively, tired of dull,  
Tired of merry, tired of sad,  
Tired of sorry, tired of glad,  
Tired of sane and tired of mad,  
Tired of youth and tired of age,  
Tired of fool and tired of sage,  
Tired of noble, tired of mean,  
Tired of dirty, tired of clean,  
Tired of fat and tired of lean,  
Tired of slender, tired of bulky,  
Tired of jolly, tired of sulky,  
Tired of rude and tired of civil,  
Tired of saint and tired of devil.

"I'm tired of black and tired of white;  
Tired of day and tired of night,  
Tired of sunshine, tired of shade,  
Tired of forest, tired of glade,  
Tired of hill and tired of plain,

Tired of wind and tired of rain,  
Tired of dust and tired of slop,  
Tired of bottom, tired of top,  
Tired of crooked, tired of straight,  
Tired of early, tired of late,  
Tired of hot and tired of cold,  
Tired of young and tired of old,  
Tired of quiet, tired of noise,  
Tired of girls and tired of boys,  
Tired of uncles, tired of cousins,  
Tired of tens and tired of dozens,  
Tired of great and tired of small,  
Tired of one and tired of all.

"Now, sweet Selina, ask not why  
Of this fair world so tired am I,  
Lést you should meet the rude reply: —  
Of nothing half so tired am I  
As the two questions *what?* and *why?*"

"It 's wonderful how we agree,"  
Selina smiling answered me,  
"For I than you am not less tired" —  
"Hów, or of what, O most admired?"  
"Bóth of yourself and of your 'Tired'."

Begun while walking from GÜCKELSBURG to CHEMNITZ, August 18, 1853;  
finished at the Convent of VIECHT in LOWER INNTAL, Sept. 7, 1853.



I néver was yét in such terrible haste  
That I hád not a minute or two to waste,  
If I met with a friend or a girl or a glass —  
So hére 's to you, boys; let the bumper pass.

How many 's here óf us? one, two, three, four;  
Odds bobs! I could never yet count to a score;  
But évery man, sure, is a friend of mine,  
That sits with me drinking the réd, red wine.

Lass, come hére if you 're merry, and sit on my knee;  
Clasp your arm round my néck close, and táke kisses three;  
Take the first for yourself, take the second for me;  
And one into the bargain will surely make three.

But my glass lies in shivers; so now for a pull  
At the deép bowl itself while it 's foaming brimful;  
There 's the bottom, God bless it; amen and amen!  
Now fill it up, boys, till I do it again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

I dreámt one night — it was a hórrid dream —  
Thát I was dead, and made was the division  
Between the innocent flesh and guilty spirit,  
Ánd that the former, with a white sheet wrápt round  
And nailed up in a box, was to the bottom  
Súnk of a deep and narrow pit, which straight  
Was filled to overheaping with a mixture  
Of dámp clay, rotting flésh and mouldering bones,  
And lidded with a weighty stone whereon  
Was writ my name and on what days precise  
I first and last drew breath; while up the latter  
Fléw, without help of wings or fins or members,  
Bý its mere lightness, through the air, to heaven;  
And thére being placed before the judgment-seat  
Of its Máker, and most únsatisfactory  
Ánswer returning to the question: — “Wherefore  
Wást thou as I made thee?” was sent down  
Túmbling bý its own weight, down down to Hell,  
To sink or swim or wade as best it might,  
In súlphurous fires unquenchable for ever,  
With Socrates and Plato, Aristides  
Fálsely surnamed the just, and Zoroaster,

Titus the good, and Cato and divine  
 Hómer and Virgil, and so many millions  
 And millions more of wrongfully called good  
 And wise and virtuous, that for want of sulphur  
 And fire and snakes and instruments of torture  
 And room in Hell, the Universal Maker  
 Wás by his own inherent justice forced,  
 That guilt might not go scót-free and unpunished,  
 To set apart so large a share of Heaven  
 For penal colonies and jails and treadmills,  
 That mutinies for want of flying-space  
 Began t' arise among the cherubim  
 And blessed spirits, and a Proclamation  
 Of Martial Law in Heaven was just being read  
 Whén, in a sweat of agony and fear,  
 I wóke, and found myself in Germany,  
 In the close prison of a German bed,  
 And at my bedside Mr. Oberkellner  
 With printed list of questions in his hand:  
 My name and age and birthplace and religion,  
 Tráde or profession, wherefore I had come,  
 How long to stay, whither next bound, and só forth;  
 Áll at my péril to be truly answered,  
 And upon each a sixpence to the State,  
 Which duly paid I should obtain permission  
 To stay where I wás so long as the State pleased,  
 Without being prosecuted as a felon,  
 Spý, or disturber of the public peace.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 15, 1854.

THOUGH day by day  
She pined away  
And wasted still,  
She 'd éver try  
When Í was by  
Nót to seem ill.

At the sad last  
Her look was cast  
Ónly toward me,  
And ón me still  
She gazed until  
She ceased to be.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 24, 1854.

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ÓN! to the field!  
Néver to yield  
Or turn or flee;  
It is the drum  
Calling to come  
To victory.

Together stand  
For fatherland  
And God on high;  
Draw éach his sword,  
Fóward 's the word,  
Cónquer or die.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

A downright fool you may persuade,  
A wise man easier still;  
But half-fool half-wise, I 'm afraid,  
Must always have his will.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

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KIND heaven, in mercy to the fool,  
Gave him, I 've heard an Indian say,  
Guide of his life, a golden rule:  
The fool he threw the rule away.

What was the rule? To hold his tongue  
And listen to what others say.  
The wise man found the rule, and sits  
Silent and hears fools talk away.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

## TO SELINA.

"Something, I warrant you, that  
the sun has never yet seen."

Ort as around the world the sun  
His daily, yearly course has run,  
Spying all things with curious eye,  
That stand, or walk, or creep, or fly,  
There is a thing he has never seen,  
Guéss, if thou canst, what is 't I mean;  
Thou 'st seen it often, so have I,  
In heat, in cold, in wet, in dry,  
Súmmer and winter, day and night,  
By gas no less than candle light,  
In palace, cottage, wood, and glen,  
In solitude and the haunts of men,  
On land, on sea, and in the air,  
The sky, the clouds — and everywhere.  
Mány 's the time I 've seen it run  
Across a lawn on which the sun,  
Fróm a sky clear and without haze,  
Was sending down his noontide rays,  
And marked how never a ray at all  
On the strange creature seemed to fall.

Mány 's the time I 've seen it float,  
 Without the aid of ship or boat,  
 Across some mighty seafrith wide,  
 And when it reached the further side,  
 Márked 'twas no wetter than before  
 It sét out from the opposite shore.  
 I 've seen it, when it heard by chance  
 A fiddle play, get up and dance,  
 But néver heard it sing at all,  
 Though it frequents soirée and ball  
 And therefore should be musical.  
 Sómetimes as slow as any snail  
 I 've seen it a steep house-side scale,  
 Ín at the topmost window peep,  
 Then down again as slowly creep.  
 Sómetimes I 've been amused to see  
 How with a squirrel's agility,  
 'Twould hop, in wood or shrubbery,  
 From bough to bough, from tree to tree,  
 Ór in a dingle play bo-peep,  
 Or 'cross the widest ravine leap.  
 I 've heard it said 'tis cowardly  
 And apt, if you pursue, to flee,  
 Bút, if it sees you turn, grows stout  
 And faces manfully about,  
 And follows you, close at your heels,  
 Until you turn again, then wheels,  
 And flees from your pursuit again  
 In terror, over hill and plain.  
 It 's philosophic, I 've no doubt,  
 For I have seen 't both cuff and flout  
 Endure with equanimity,  
 And never return an injury.  
 Sometimes indeed it makes a show

As if it would pay blow with blow  
 And thrust with thrust; but never mind —  
 To gentleness it 's still inclined,  
 And lets its hand so lightly fall,  
 Whenever it lifts a hand at all,  
 It would not hurt an infant's cheek  
 Or spider's slenderest gossamer break.  
 Of all God's creatures, it is said,  
 'Tis the most docile and well bred —  
 All education 's mimicry  
 And hé 's best bréd who 's móst like mé —  
 Go on, it goes on; stóp, it stóps;  
 Leáp and it leaps; hop thou, it hops;  
 Look úp, it loóks up; thine head stoóp,  
 Íts head at once begins to droop;  
 Wálk, and it keeps thee company,  
 And measures step for step with thee,  
 Respectful, though not distant, still,  
 And moulding after thine its will.  
 Even as I write these words, it writes  
 Búsy beside me, and indites  
 A copy or facsimile  
 Of every word I write to thee,  
 And now that I 've come tó the end  
 Subscribes itself with me,

Thy Friend.

Begun while walking from Banz to Coburg, Dec. 4, 1853; finished at  
 Dresden, January 7, 1854.



## HAD I MY WISH.

HAD I my wish my life should be  
A mixture of philosophy  
And practical philanthropy;  
My house within a nook should stand  
Upon my own ancestral land,  
Sheltered on both sides and behind  
From every colder, ruder wind;  
Full to the South should look my door  
Closed never 'gainst the neighbouring poor;  
The morning sun should freely shine  
Into my bedroom, and I 'd dine  
In the west parlour ere his rays  
Had blended with the evening haze;  
At breakfast, dinner, evening tea,  
I 'd meet my smiling family;  
A girl, a boy, and their sweet mother;  
At times a sister or a brother  
Or valued friend; and at the fire  
All winter should the gray grandsire  
And his youth's partner, honored pair,  
Sit in well bolstered elbow-chair,  
And tell with lively, glistening eye  
Stories of times long since gone by,  
And how full forty years ago  
Persons they knew said so and so.  
My few, well chosen books should be  
Not locked up in a library,

But free for use, some here some there —  
 Knówledge should common be as air.  
 Bétter have nó wall-fruit at all  
 Than round my garden build a wall;  
 A hedge of holly and wild rose  
 The little Eden should enclose;  
 Lílies within and pinks should bloom  
 And wallflower shed its sweet perfume,  
 And wintry robins safely sing,  
 And blackbirds hail the approach of spring,  
 And linnet gray and speckled thrush  
 Build in dense laurustinus bush.  
 And there a bower I 'd close entwine  
 Of clematis and eglantine,  
 Or darling sweetbriar, and sit there  
 At noontide heat in rustic chair,  
 Cónning the Homeric page divine,  
 Or Virgil's more pathetic line,  
 Or hapless Ovid's glowing Muse,  
 Ór, if a wayward fancy choose,  
 Ráving with Hamlet, or a tear  
 Shédning on Juliet's early bier.  
 Só would I live; and so I 'd die,  
 Ánd in the village churchyard by,  
 Whén my hour struck, be laid to rest,  
 Near those whom living I loved best;  
 A stone should mark the spot and say: —  
 He lived and loved and had his day.

Begun Sept. 14, while travelling in Stellwagen from STERZING to BRIKEN;  
 finished while walking from MALS to NAUDERS, Oct. 2, 1853.

### THE EDITOR TO THE READER CONCERNING THE AUTHOR.

THE poet of these numbers lived in times  
When men were rude and had no heart for rhymes;  
When — gentler feelings, truth and honor fled —  
Cómmerce raised high his ignominious head,  
Strétched out his grasping arms from zone to zone,  
And claimed earth, air, and ocean for his own;  
When greed of gain and consequent power engrossed  
The thoughts of all, and Christians' thoughts the most;  
When men were not ashamed in open day  
To crowd to church, lift up their hands and say: —  
“Great God, believe not those all-seeing eyes  
To which our heart's foul closet open lies,  
But trust those ears which hear us when with prayer  
And praises loud we stroke thee with the hair,  
And over to our purpose strive to bring  
Our God as if he were some earth-born king  
Accustomed to reward those courtiers best  
Who deepest hide their réal thoughts in their breast.”  
Our poet's lot was cast in that dark age  
When steam, rail, telegraph was a public rage,  
And every gentler voice and sweeter sound  
Wás in one locomotive tempest drowned

Of screech and puff and whistle, truck and train,  
 Guálds, luggage, porters jostling might and main,  
 And country squires and corporation cits,  
 Trávelling each óne as if he had lost his wits,  
 Ór an express were, carrying the Queen's mail,  
 Ór a mad dóg with kettle at his tail.  
 Ah! hapless poet, that couldst nót indite  
 A treatise on the Menai tunnel's height  
 Or breáðth or weight, or how to cleanse a sink  
 And purify a trading city's stúnk;  
 That néver, all thy life, couldst sing a hymn  
 Or éven one Duddon sonnet dark and dim;  
 For whom or for whose Muse there was no place  
 Among that hard- that íron-hearted race;  
 Hádst thou but lived in this more generous age,  
 When nobler thêmes all heads and hearts engage,  
 Hów thou 'dst been honored! how thy praise had hung  
 On every lip, and thrilled from every tongue!  
 Láurels had crowned thee, and when thou hadst died —  
 For poets die although their country's pride —  
 Inscribed on adamant had been thy name,  
 And hung up in the eternal hall of fame.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 6, 1854.

## FEAR NOT DEATH.

FEAR not Deáth — Death 's bút a cipher,  
Á mere blánk, a nón-existence;  
Whén thou diést thou bút retúrnest  
Tó the státe in which thou láyest  
Únobstrúcted, únmolésted,  
Áll the pást etérnal áges,  
Whíle all things that líved were súffering.

Féar to líve; it 's Life that súffers;  
Áll things róund are Life's torméntors;  
Líving, súffering, bút two different  
Wórd's expréssive óf the sáme thing;  
Í and Thoú but things that súffer  
Tíll we 're Í and Thoú no lóngér;  
Deáth an énd to Í and Thoú puts,  
Ánd with Í and Thoú to súffering.

Thoú that diest, féar to dié not;  
Nót even Life thou lósest, dýing;  
Tó have lóst, thou múst survive Death;  
Lóss belóns but tó the líving.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 31, 1853.

ÁT this hóur on this same évening  
Lást year Í was gáy and háppy,  
Hére alóng this grássy roádside  
Saúntering with my nówly wédded.

Ūnderfoót the springy daisy,  
Óverheád the táll elm bránches,  
Ón this roádside wé were wálking  
Ánd this háwthorn hédge admíring.

Rich it wás as nów with blóssoms,  
Ánd as nów gilt with the slánt beams  
Óf yon slówly sétting Máy sun,  
Ánd the déw as nów was fálling.

Ón this spót, where nów I 'm stánding,  
Árm in árm we stoód and listened  
Tó the trilling óf the bláckbird;  
Ín the sáme bush nów he 's trilling.

Ánd these swállows, thát have sínce then  
Seén far lánds and seás and cíties,  
Pást us tó and fró that évening  
Smooth and swift as nów were gliding.

Háwthorn hédge and sétting Máy sun,  
Trilling bláckbird, gliding swállows,  
Déwy roádside, élms and daisies,  
Áll are héré as ón that évening;

Bút my nówly wédde'd 's lýing  
Ín her cóffin, in the chùrchyard,  
Whére I 'd ráther bé beside her  
Thán here wándering bróken-heárted.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 10, 1853.

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#### WHAT STRONG CASTLE 'S THAT YONDER?

“**W**HAT strong cástle 's that yónder, fair shepherdess, say,  
That ón the hill's shóulder stands right thwart my way;  
It 's late and I 'm weary, and nó hostel 's near;  
In that cástle for wáyfaring pilgrim what cheer?”  
“From that cástle's gate, pilgrim, keep far far away;  
By thirty two warders it 's watche'd night and day;  
Belów on the threshold stand warders sixteen;  
In the gáte-tower, above, sixteen warders are seen;  
In a suit of white armour each warder is dight,  
In a suit of white armour keeps watch day and night.  
Terrific to come near, terrific to see,  
Stand those grím warders thére in their white panoply;  
Though to sleép they may seem, they are still on their guard,  
And faithfully round the gate keep watch and ward;  
But shóuldst thou by sóme lucky chance pass them all,  
And the griding portcullis not down on thee fall

And crúsh thee to atoms, within hangs a bell  
 Which rings of itself, to the castle to tell  
 That a stranger has entered, and young and old call  
 From guardhouse and battlement, bútt'ry and hall  
 To lay hólð on th' intruder and heels over crown  
 The steep, yawning abyss withinside hurl him down,  
 To be smáshed in the fall, or, more painful and slow,  
 In dámp, noisome vapors be stifled below;  
 So for Jésus' sake, pilgrim, approach not that gate,  
 What though thou be weary and hungry and late,  
 But thy trust put in Him who for all men bore sorrow,  
 And còuch on the bare wold, and fast till tomorrow,  
 Then ón thy way speed to the next hostelrie;  
 So shált thou survive, wife and children to see,  
 And in thine own fatherland bléss God and me."  
 So she said, and the pilgrim the warning obeyed,  
 And, beseéching Heaven's bléssing upón the sweet maid,  
 His weary length there on the grassy sward laid,  
 And till dáwn of light slépt sound, then wént on his way  
 And in his own fátherland télls to this day  
 Of those thirty two warders in white armour dight,  
 And the stróng castle-gáte they watch all day and night,-  
 And the sélf-tolling bell, and abyss yawning deep;  
 And may Gód's holy mother the wáyfarer keep  
 From that ill castle fár, and with áll blessings bless  
 Both now and hereafter that fair shepherdéss.

Begun while walking from ESSENACH (near RATISBON) to MOOSBURG,  
 Aug. 29. Finished at INNSBRUCK, Sept. 11, 1853.



### LARK'S SONG.

UP high, up high,  
Intó the sky  
And clouds I fly,  
And joyous sing  
On hovering wing  
My melody:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

The damp night 's gone,  
The bright warm sun  
Shines in the East,  
And with one voice  
All things rejoice,  
Bird, man and beast:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Above me high  
How blue the sky  
And free from haze!  
How yellow glow  
The fields below  
In the golden rays:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril,  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

And yon snug spot,  
Never forgot,  
Where hid from sight  
My faithful spouse  
Nursing keeps house  
All day and night:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

With right good will  
Ptsit ptsit I trill  
As higher still  
And still more high  
Into the sky  
And clouds I fly:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Begun when walking from FELDKIRCH to TROGEN, Oct. 7; finished at  
LEIBSTADT in Canton ARGAU, Oct. 21, 1853.

## APOLLO AND THE AUTHOR.

APOLLO

(returning the Author his book).

Not wholly bad this book, nor worthless quite;  
And yet I thought thou couldst far better write.

AUTHOR.

Better no doubt I could —

APOLLO.

Why not, Sir, then?

AUTHOR.

Your Highness will excuse — I wrote for men.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

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*In a room where a corpse was laid out.*

CÓME not near;  
Deáth is here,  
The híg, the hóly;  
Bénd to him  
Heárt and limb,  
Dístant and lówly.

Í-Am-Nót,  
Nought of nought,  
Ábsence of essence,  
Ón this spót  
To man's thought  
Reveáls his présence.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

**T**HERE is a hall in which at times  
I sit and meditate my rhymes;  
'Tis with old tapestry hung round;  
Dark figures on a sky-blue ground,  
Drawn to the life, and changing still  
As if obedient to the will  
Of puppet-showman, or a wand  
Waved by unseen magician's hand;  
Unbid by me they come and go,  
Such forms as long long years ago  
My heart and arms and ears and eyes  
Alas! took for realities.  
Néver upon that tapestry  
Shows itself form unknown to me;  
All all are out of times gone by,  
Familiar all to heart and eye;  
Yet not exactly they 're portrayed;  
There 's still some difference in shade  
Brightness, or outline; or a tone  
Thrown over them not quite their own —  
Not that precisely which they wore  
When they were known to me before;  
Mellower, in general, they appear,  
Mellower but less distinct and clear,  
As the creations of a dream,  
Or mountains in the distance seem.

It 's my delight to sit and gaze  
On those fair forms of other days;  
The well known lineaments to trace —  
Each feature of each long-lost face;  
And I 'd that chamber never quit  
If the dear images, that flit  
Upon its antique tapestry,  
Looked with the same kind glance on me,  
As they looked on me in past years,  
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in tears,  
But still with love — Ah, no! ah, no!  
Coldly they come, coldly they go,  
And with the same look from me sever  
As if before they had seen me never;  
And so at last with watery eye  
And heavy heart, and many a sigh,  
I rise up slowly from my seat:  
And leave the Hall of Bittersweet.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

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DEATH, I 'd beg one favor of thee:  
Whénsoe'er thou 'rt pleased to take me  
From my weeping Kátharine, take me  
All at once — I 'd have no Farewells  
Where the parting is for ever.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 13, 1853.

READER, you 'll dó me jústice,  
I húmbly trust and hópe,  
And nótt class mé with Býron,  
Or Longfellow, or Pope.

I 'll háve no second laúrels,  
No lieútenant's renown;  
This hánd 's made for a scéptre,  
This brów 's made for a crów.

The stáge has its four mónarehs,  
The épos has its threé,  
The lyrists on two thrónes sit,  
The ténth throne is for mé.

All kinds of measures róund me,  
All kinds of thoughts, shall stand;  
All pássions, pains and pleasures  
Kneel lów and kiss my hand.

And só I 'll reign for éver,  
Supérieur and alóne,  
Higher than King or Kaiser,  
The póet on his thróne.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 29 — 30, 1854.

ÓNCE it háppened — í 'll not téll you  
 Whén or whére or hów or whérefore,  
 Lést you 'd think me bút concócting  
 Óne of mý accústomed idle,  
 Slípshod, goód-for-nóthing fábles,  
 Ánd not quárrying hárd and sólíd  
 História, like Báb Macaúlay —  
 Ónce it háppened, in a gárret  
 Fóur pair báckward lived two rábbits,  
 Thát had thére been géneráted,  
 Bórn and bréd and éducatéd.  
 Wíse they wére, those twó white rábbits,  
 Ánd lived háppily togéther,  
 Álways sleéping in the sáme box,  
 Álways eáting át the sáme time  
 Oút of thé same péwter plátter  
 Which the sáme kind-heárted mistress,  
 Líving in the streétward gárret,  
 Twíce a-dáy replénished fór them.  
 Só they lived — those twó white rábbits —  
 Ín all hármoný togéther,  
 Till one dáy as théy were whiling  
 Time awáy in ídle góssip,  
 Óne says tó the óther: — “Tátty,

Wás not thát a wóndrous rábbít  
 Máde this greát room ánd this plátter,  
 Ánd our kind, good-heárted místress,  
 Ánd the frésh leáves ánd the wáter  
 • Thát she bríngs us níght and mórníng?"  
 "Í don't knów; I néver sáw him —  
 Dón't care óne jackstráw abóut him.  
 Goód 's our místress, goód the plátter,  
 Goód the leáves, and goód the wáter,  
 Bút I knów no móre than thoú dost  
 Óf the rábbít thát us áll máde" —  
 "Shócking! shócking! Í 'll not heár it —  
 Óff! begóne, and bý thysélf live!  
 Néver móre from thé same plátter,  
 Únbeliéver, shált with mé eat."  
 Só said, thé beliéving rábbít  
 With a súdden leáp and báckward  
 Kick of his hind feét his cómrade  
 Ín the ríght eye strúck and blínded;  
 Ánd from thát day fóward éver  
 Wáging wár agáinst each óther  
 Fróm two ópp'site gárret córners,  
 Lived in míserý those rábbíts.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 16, 1854.



## BRAVO!

Of all the darling words I know  
There 's none I love so ás 'Bravó!'  
I never did nor will decline  
'Well done!' 'That 's good!' 'That 's very fine!'  
But to my heart if straight you 'd go  
You múst cry out 'Bravó! Bravó!'  
You 're free to say: — "I don't like rhyme;"  
Plain trúth with mé was never crime,  
Nor háve I ever hoped to find  
Áll men to poetry inclined;  
So if you 're of a different grain,  
Téll me at once, and tell me plain;  
But dole not out your approbation —  
I spit upon a Poorhouse ration;  
My heart and soul are in my verse;  
Dóubled my life, while I rehearse;  
I stand no more on earth, I rise  
And soar in triúmph to the skies;  
I 've left, I 've left the world below;  
I 've mingled with my verses' flow;  
Higher and higher stíll I go —  
Fóllow me with your loud 'Bravó!'

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÜSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 18 — 19, 1854.

"Sir, can you tell me what life is like?"

**L**IFE is like a river,  
Ever flowing onward;  
Life is like the deep sea,  
Often vexed by tempests;  
Life is like the blue sky,  
Often by clouds darkened;  
Life is like a high road,  
Where men travel daily;  
Life is like a great school,  
Where boys learn their lessons;  
Life is like a ladder,  
We go up and down it;  
Life is like a taper,  
Ever burning shorter;  
Life is like a treadmill;  
Where you labour ever;  
Life is like a long straw,  
Scarcely worth the pulling;  
Life is like a fever,  
Hot and cold alternate;  
Life is like a shadow,  
There 's no substance in it;  
Life is like an alehouse,  
Drink, and pay your reck'ning;  
Life is like a lawyer,  
Full of quirks and quiddets;  
Life is like a doctor,  
We are all its patients;

Life is like a lóttory,  
Full of blanks and prizes;  
Life is like a treasure,  
To be spent not squandered;  
Life is like a gréat stage,  
Tród by many actors;  
Life is like a marriage,  
Lasts until death freés you;  
Life is like a sáwpit,  
All can nót abóve be;  
Life is like a picture,  
Full of lights and shadows;  
Life is like a foótrace,  
When it lasts you lóse breath;  
Life is like a mádhhouse,  
Many fools are in it;  
Life is like a supper,  
Eát, drink, and to béd go;  
Life is like a smithy,  
Hammer, hammer, hammer;  
Life is like a chéssboard,  
Many checks, then chéckmate;  
Life is like a cúckoo,  
Sings the same note ever;  
Life is like a rocket,  
Whizzes and then goés out;  
Life is like a gréat wood,  
Many paths are in it;  
Life is like a nosegay,  
Fresh a while, then withered;  
Life is like a póet,  
Full of whims and fancies;  
Life is like a spoiled child,  
Ever wanting sómething;

Life is like a swindler,  
Cheats all who put trust in 't;  
But of all things likest  
Life is to a bubble  
Which a child blows out of  
Soapsuds with a pipetalk,  
And which rainbow-colored,  
Graceful, light and handsome,  
Floats in th' air a moment,  
Then all of a sudden  
Bursts and to the ground falls  
A mere drop of soapsuds.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

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"Praise, honor, power, and glory to his  
NAME for ever and ever, Amen."

GÓD, in his pity for the work of his hands,  
Came down from heaven, put on the human form,  
And went about among men doing good  
And working miracles. Men spat upon him,  
Tormented him to the uttermost, and killed him —  
Himself, their maker, the almighty Gód, killed;  
And, having killed him, fell down on their knees  
And of his NAME begged pardon, to his NAME  
Raised temples, to his NAME thanksgivings  
Loud and long sang and still sing; ever ready,  
In similar form should he appear again,  
Again in his own NAME to spit upon him,  
Torment and put him to a cruel death.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 27, 1854.

## MY STEARINE CANDLES.

HE 's gone to bed at last, that flaring, glaring,  
Round, réd-faced, bold, monopolizing Sun,  
And I may venture from their hiding-place  
To bring my pair of stearine candles forth  
And sét them, firmly stayed, upon my table,  
To illúminate and cheer my studious evening.  
Thou hast my praise, Prometheus, for thy theft,  
And, wére I to idolatry addicted,  
Shouldst be my God in preference to Buddh,  
Bráhma, or Thor, or Odin, or Jove's sélf.  
Hér of the olive branch I 'd hold to thee  
The next in honor, and before her shrine  
In gratitude would keep for ever burning  
A lamp of súch Athenian oil as Plato,  
Demosthenes, Pythagoras, and Solon  
Were wont in bed to reád by, after midnight.  
The third, last person of my Trinity  
Should bé th' inventor of the stearine candle;  
Hé that enabled me to sit, the long  
Midwinter nights, in study, by a light  
Which neither flickers nor offends the nostrils,  
Nór from the distance of a thousand miles,  
Or thousand years, or bóth perhaps, keeps ever  
And anon calling me — like some bold child  
The mother's hand — to come and 'snuff and snub it;  
But steády, cleanly, bright and inodorous,  
Than tallow more humane, than wax less costly,  
Gives me just what I want, and asks back nothing.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 25, 1854.

## TURNING TABLES.

"Jústr at this tíme last yeár, Lord! whát a rout  
Our tábles kicked up, túrning round about!  
What ails them, this yeár, that they sír no more  
Than if each foot were mortised to the floor?"

As thus one night in pensive mood I said  
Hálf to myself, as I undressed for bed,  
I thought, or dreamed, a table, that beside  
My bed was standing, in these words replied: —

"Sír, if you 'll condescend to hear a table,  
To solve that question I 'll perhaps be able."  
"Make no apologies," said I, "for who  
Áll about súch things knóws so wéll as you?"

"I thank you, Sír; and what I have to say  
Is simply this: — I look upon 't this way —  
Nóthing for ever lasts, but there 's no thing  
Hálf so shortlived as Participle Ing.

"The Bringing of last yeár is this yeár Brought,  
The Thinking of last yeár is this yeár Thought,  
The same it is with Brewing, Baking, Churning,  
I 'd like to know why not the same with Turning.

"Í, for my part, protest I cannot see  
Why lást yeár's Turning Tábles should not be  
Túrned Tábles this yeár." "Right, egad," said I,  
"And cleáred up, all at once, the mystery;

"The Turning of last year is turned to Turned,  
The Turning Tables turned to Tables Turned,  
Túrned on the Turners this year are the Tables,  
And lást year's histories turned to this year's fables."

So said, the table thanked, and round my head  
Securely bound my cap, I went to bed,  
And neither word said more nor heard, that night;  
Bút as a tóp slept soúnd till morning light.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 29, 1854.

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ÓNCE to hiš master said a youth: —  
"Whát is a myth, Sir? Ís 't plain truth  
Or is 't a lie?" "Don't bother me.  
For whát use is your diction'ry?"

The youth has taken his diction'ry,  
And turns it over patiently,  
Leáf after leáf — mythology,  
Religion, law, philosophy,  
Tradition, history, poetry,  
Phýsics and hieroglyphics, fable,  
Hell, purgatory, paradise, Babel,  
Mithra, Thor, Satan, Jove and Iris,  
Buddh, Vishnoo, Brahma and Osiris,  
Sámson, Goliah, Polyphemus,  
The wolf of Romulus and Remus,  
The rod of Aaron, the bush burning,  
Witchcraft, possession, tableturning,

Deucálion, Japhet, Cuman Sibyl,  
Priest, prophet, oracle, ghost, saint, devil,  
Apocrypha, Zend, Talmud, Edda,  
Kóran, Purana, Schu-King, Veda —  
In vain, in vain; it 's áll one haze,  
Mist, darkness, labyrinthine maze,  
One long inextricable riddle  
Without beginning, end or middle;  
At last the book before his eyes  
Began to swim and thus he cries: —  
“I can't tell what it 's all about;  
Do hélp me, Sir, to make it out.”

The master flew into a passion: —  
“A myth, Sir, 's a creed out of fashion;  
Now go, sit down again, and read  
Your book, to find out what 's a creed.”  
“Thát much I think I guess.” “Indeed!”  
“A myth *in* fashion, Sir, 's a creed.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 28, 1854.

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## SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND DIVINE RIGHT.

### SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Dówn! kiss the dust; thus on the nape of thy neck  
I plant my iron heel, and thus I crush thee.

### DIVINE RIGHT.

Crúsh, and spare not; thy crushing with new vigor  
Antéan fills me for my resurrection.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.



HIST! COME DOWN.

Hist! come down;  
In the whole town  
    Nó one 's awake;  
Clear and bright  
Thé starlight;  
    Húsh, no noise make.

Nóthing fear,  
Édward 's here,  
    The ladder tight;  
Near the ground;  
Thé last round;  
    All right, all right.

Móunt the steed;  
Néed of speed;  
    Thine árm round mé;  
Sóft and slow  
First we 'll go,  
    Then bold and free.

Streét the last;  
Tówngate passed;  
    Don't loók behind;  
Swift with me  
Ó'er the lea,  
    Swift as the wind.

Break of day;  
Fár away  
    See those gray walls;  
Mine those towers,  
Mine those bowers,  
    And lofty halls.

Mátn chime;  
In good time  
    We 're at the gate;  
Enter in  
Hérogín;  
    On theé all wait.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 3, 1854.

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### IRISH THUGS.

BÁRNEY, clóse behínd the dích down;  
Nót a stír untíl I bíd you;  
Hé 's too fár off yét entirety;  
Póint the múzzle, bút don't fire yet.

Whén you dó it, dó it coólly,  
Yóu are dóing Gód good sérvíce;  
Nót a bíd of dánger ín it;  
Nów he 's neárer; áre you réády?

Stáy; not yét — there 's sóme one cóming;  
Fire! he hás it — hów he júmped up!  
Wé 've both hít him, bút he 's nót dead —  
Thrów the gún down; táke the hámmer.

Smásh his heád into a jélly;  
Whó 'd have thought his skúll so hárd was?  
Húrry nóthing, nó one 's cóming;  
Róll him tó the dírch shough óver.

Thát 'll dó — give mé your coát now;  
Hére, take míne; and úp the loánin.  
Néver stóp till you 're past Bíddy's.  
Áfter máss — in Býrne's — next Sún-day.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

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BÚDDHA, thé humáne and kindly,  
Ás he trávelled thróugh a júngle,  
Cáme to whére lay strétched a tígress  
With her fóur cubs, weak and húngry.

Búddha with him you may guéss well  
Nó food hád to suít a tígress,  
Ánd the neárest hóuse was míles off,  
Ánd the tígress' cáse was úrgent.

Whát hadst thou done, géntle reáder,  
Hádst thou beén in his posítion?  
Áh! I dóubt not, léft the tígress  
With her cúbs to díe of húngry.

Ór hadst thou the nécessáry  
Cóurage hád, and múrderous weápons,  
Thou hadst sláin and óut of páin put  
Bóth the tígress ánd her fóur cubs.

Bút a different heart was Búddha's,  
And his false religion taught him  
Sýmpathý with áll things living,  
And to dó good, tó his ówn loss.

And he 'd álways beén accústomed  
Tó think húmbly óf his ówn self,  
And did nót belíeve God's créatures  
Wére made sólely tó be mán's slaves.

Só he wént, and nót with Christian  
Vérbal sélf-humiliátion,  
Bút in fáct himsélf despising,  
And his féllow créature pitying,

Láid himsélf beside the tigress  
And her four cubs, fór their súpper —  
Áll in vain! they 're too exháusted  
Tó lay fáng or cláw upón him.

Gét up, Búddha, and be óff fast;  
Thou hast dóne enough in cónscience;  
Cúrtius, Régulus and the Décii  
Áre but égotists beside thee.

Different Búddha's wáy of thinking:  
Fróm the gróund he picks a shárp stone,  
Cúts his finger and the bloód smears  
Ón the tigress's and cúbs' lips.

Néver tó tired pilgrim's párched mouth  
Dróp of wine half só refréshing,  
Ás the táste of Búddha's wárm blood  
Tó the fámished cúbs and tigress.

First they licked their lips, their ears cocked,  
And from sleep seemed as if waking,  
Languidly on Buddha's head then  
Laid one of the cubs his forepaws.

Buddha's pity 's not away thrown;  
Taste of blood 's elixir vitae  
For your Bluecoat and your Redcoat,  
Why not for your jungle tigress?

With returning strength and fierceness  
Fell the tigress and her four cubs  
On the meal by Providence sent them,  
And no bone left of kind Buddha.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 9, 1854.

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### *O ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ.*

In my well bolstered study chair as once  
In busy idleness I sat, reflecting  
On human vanity, there came a thought  
With such a lively motion 'cross my brain,  
That from my seat I started and cried out,  
Though there was no one within call or hearing: —  
"I 'll do it and begin this very moment.  
What though I 'm inexperienced, and before  
Have never anything of a similar kind  
Attempted, there 's a charm in novelty  
That recompenses labor, failure, blunders;  
Better and nobler even the abortive effort  
Than sheer do-nothing, mere passivity,

Dóll vegetation in my elbow chair."

So saying I rang the bell, and bade my servant  
Bring me a billet of wood out of the cellar,  
Ánd a sharp knife, back-saw, and whetting stone,  
Oil and a chisel, and should any one  
Ásk for me, enjoined him strictly he should answer  
Thát I was sick, busy, or dead. and could not,  
Would not, and at the peril of his place  
Should not be interrupted: — "For I was" —  
But here my prudence interposing cried: —  
"Silence!" and with my hand I motioned him  
Óut of the room, and straightway fell to work.  
And, first, of all the unsightly prominences  
And residue of bark I cleared the billet,  
And, having satisfied myself that sound  
And suited for my purpose was the wood,  
Dréw with the point of my knife a circle round it,  
Néarer so much to óne end than the other,  
Thát óne end for the head, the other end  
Might for the trúnk serve and extremities  
Of the dóll whose image, sketch or prototype  
Hád for some dáys, weeks, mónths past, like a ghost,  
Haúnted me day and night, sleeping and waking.  
The circle then with my knife's edge I notched,  
Deépened and widened, and by slow degrees  
Fáshioned into a neck not utterly  
Inelegant or shapeless; next the corners  
So pared and rounded of the shorter end,  
Thát underneath my diligent hand I soon  
Began to see a head growing apace,  
With nose, ears, cheékbónes, brow, and underjaw,  
Ánd on the skull sufficient prominences,  
Móral and intellectual, to fill  
The heart of a phrenologist with rapture.

A transverse slit the mouth made, and for sockets  
 The eyes had two holes burnt out with the red hot  
 Point of an old, attenuated poker;  
 Two kidney-beans, stripped of their shells and rounded,  
 Did very well for eyeballs, and had each  
 A pupil in a jet-black miniature wafer.  
 The seat of reason and expression thus  
 Completed happily, I had less care  
 About the more ignoble parts; a few  
 Bold, rough and rapid strokes turned all below  
 The neck into the taper trunk of a *Hérmes*;  
 Inscribed on which with eager, trembling hand  
*ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ* and the poet's name,  
 I sat me down to admire and contemplate  
 My handywork, and had perhaps till now  
 Continued sitting, and admiring still,  
 Had not a gentle tap come to the door,  
 And, peeping in, my servant: — "Please, Sir — morning;  
 And breakfast more than two hours on the table."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 7, 1854.

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PERPETUALLY successive, in the gross  
 Material circumambient atmosphere,  
 The light of day, the darkness of the night;  
 Perpetually alternate, in the fine  
 Rarefied ether of the sentient spirit,  
 Joy's radiant brightness and the shade of sorrow.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

LÓVELY 'tis indeéd, this gárden  
With its áppletreés and rósés,  
Túlip bédés and stráwberry blóssoms —  
Bút it is not Émma's gárden.

Smoóth and neát these grávelled wálks are,  
Ánd not bý one weéd disfigured —  
Bút they 're nót the wálks in which I  
Úsed to stróll all dáy with Émma.

Sweetly out of yónder thórnbusk  
Thrills the bláckbird's évening whistle —  
Bút it 's nót the évening bláckbird  
Whistling únder Émma's window.

Cheérful peéps that whitewashed cóttage  
Thróugh the lilac ánd labúrnum —  
Bút no Émma 's listening in it  
Fór my foótstep át the háll door.

Whitewashed cóttage, thrilling bláckbird,  
Grávelled wálks, and stráwberry blóssoms,  
Yé are tó be hád in thóusánds —  
Bút I ónly knów *one* Émma.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.



## • WOLFWOLF.

A húndred thousand years ere  
Ádam was made, or Eve,  
Sir Wólf was this world's máster,  
I 've heard and dó believe.

"We dón't care fór those óld saws;  
Lét us have something nów;  
What 's happened so mány years since,  
Who knóws if it be true?"

I beg your pardon húmbly;  
Áge is best guaranteed  
For the trúth of mány a stóry;  
So listen, pray, to mé.

A húndred thousand years ere  
Ádam and Eve were born,  
Ór the far-famous six days  
Counted up even and morn;

Befóre the Irish fórests  
Were túrned into black bóg;  
Befóre the realms of Frógdóm  
Were góverned by king Lóg;

Befóre the chalk depósits,  
Befóre the sands of góld,  
While yét about the fixed earth  
The sún and planets rólled;

I 've heárd, and dó belléve it,  
Wólves were as numerous thén,  
And lived in the same mánnér  
As nów-a-days live mén,

They hád their town and cóuntry,  
They hád poor, rich, wise, great;  
They hád King, Lords and Cómmons,  
They hád the Fourth Estáte.

Their Kings derived their titles  
Fróm a great wolf above,  
Greáter than Buddh or Bráhma,  
Than Ódin, Thor or Jove.

They hád their courts of jústice,  
And of injustice toó,  
And préyed upon each óther  
As mén at present dó.

They hád their trade and cómmerce,  
Exchánges and townhálls,  
And flirtd with fair wólflins  
At óperas and bálls.

They hád their soldiers, saítors,  
And great ships of the line,  
Their Cóngreve rockets, cännon,  
And Minie rifles fine;

And júst as unconcernedly  
Would cut each other's throáts  
As if they Mussulmén were  
Or Christians in red coáts.

"And whát did those wolves fight for?  
If we may be so bóld" —  
If you hád not interrúpted,  
It had been already tóld.

Sometimes they fought for hónor,  
Sometimes they fought for spite,  
And sómetimes — would you think it? —  
For a bit of lamb they 'd fight.

But whát they oftenest fought for,  
All chrónicles declare,  
Was whether red or yellow  
Wás the great Wólfwolf's hair.

Sometimes the Reddites cónquered,  
Sometimes the Yellowites —  
Ah, many and many a bráve wolf  
Fell in those bloody fights!

"Hów was the question séttléd?  
It 's thát we 'd like to knów;  
They 'd surely time to séttle it,  
It háppen'd so long ago."

Whenéver the Reddites cónquered,  
Wólfwólf, as it is said,  
Grew red, all of a súdden,  
And still continued red

Until such time as victory  
For the Yéllowites declared,  
And thén as 'twere by miracle  
Wolfwólf grew yellowhaired.

"How wás the question settled?  
We wónt bear this suspense;  
It 's not to be believed but  
At lást they learned some sense."

At lást to armistices  
And prótocols they cáme,  
And dréw up a convéntion  
And úndersigned the sáme,

To thé effect that thénceforth  
Wolfwólf from tail to head  
On óne side should be yéllow  
And ón the other réd.

"We 're really quite delighted  
There 's an énd to the dispute;  
There 's sómething very húman  
In that ferocious brute."

Unlúckily howéver  
Not óne word had been said  
Which síde should be the yéllow  
Or which should be the red;

So ón the morning áfter  
The peáce was ratified  
They fóught another báttle  
The néw point to decide;

Neither would take the léft side,  
And bóth would have the right,  
And só they slew each óther  
From mórning until night.

“But whát was Wólfwolf dóing  
While théy were fighting so?  
We 're cúrious upon thát point;  
Do téll us if you know.”

Wolfwólf — you need not dóubt it —  
Had quáite enough to do,  
Striving to please both párties  
And always changing hue.

“But whát did it all cóme to,  
For sùre it had some énd?  
Which of them got the right side?  
Do téll us that, good friend.”

As thús both parties brávely  
Conténded for the right,  
And sléw each other nóblly  
In fair and open fight,

Anóther party, slily  
Fórmíng itself by night,  
Came dówn on the bellígerants  
With óverwhelming might,

And right and left both Réddites  
And Yéllowites hewed down,  
Cryíng: — ‘Up with the Brównites!  
Wolfwólf was ever brown.’

“And what then did Wolfwolf do?  
He couldn't, sure, forsake  
The friends that had bled for him,  
Or a new color take.”

Again I beg your pardon;  
True to his policy,  
Wolfwolf with victory sided,  
And chocolate brown was he;

And Yellowites and Réddites  
Were hunted up and down  
And captured on search warrants  
Countersigned: Wolfwolf brown;

And some on Wheels were broken,  
And some burned at the stake;  
The rest flayed, hanged or shot were;  
All for brown Wolfwolf's sake;

And never from that day forth,  
As histories declare,  
Had Wolfwolf even so much as  
One red or yellow hair.

“We thank you for your story,  
And one and all agree —  
If ever there was a villain,  
Wolfwolf was surely he.”

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.

## MY DREAM IN BETHEL.

LAST night, methought, I féll asleep in Bethel,  
And saw a ladder reaching to the clouds,  
And ón its rounds the poets of the world  
Toward heaven ascending, each with golden harp  
Or lyre in hand, and crown upon his head,  
And flowing raiment of pure, dazzling white;  
And on the lowest round I saw my shadow;  
And, all about, the nations of the earth  
Stoód looking on and cheering; and behold,  
As higher still and higher on the ladder  
The poets mounted with their harps and lyres,  
Mý shadow mounted nót, but stood stock still  
Upon the lówest round, till all the crowds,  
That round the ladder's foot were gathered, vanished,  
And óther crowds came with new, strange hurrahs,  
When suddenly my shadow grew gigantic  
And, spreading out a pair of húge wings, soared  
Above the ladder and all those upon it  
Ínto the clouds, which opened and I saw  
My shadow light upon the highest of two  
Bright, snowy, mountain pinnacles that peered  
Abóve the clouds into the clear blue ether —  
Whereát with a loud cry of joy I woke.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 15, 1854.

**D I A L O G U E**

**BETWEEN**

**A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.**





# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.

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STETHOSCOPIST (*applying the Stethoscope*). Holla! any one there?

CHILD (*within*). Who calls?

S. A friend.

C. Let me alone; what do you want?

S. The time 's come; all 's ready.

C. What time 's come? what 's all ready?

S. Warm water, clothes, and nurse.

C. What warm water? what clothes? what nurse?

S. Warm water to wash you, clothes to dress you, nurse to suckle you.

C. Don't want any of them — wont have any of them.

S. You must have them; you can't do without them.

C. I can, and I will; let me alone.

S. I wont let you alone, you must come — you must have them.

C. I say I wont. Who are you at all? or what have you to do with me?

S. I 'm the Doctor.

C. Who 's the Doctor? what 's the Doctor for?

S. To take care of you — to do you good.

C. I don't want any care; I don't want any good. I'm well enough as I am.

S. Come; you shall and must.

C. I wont; where do you want me to go? what do you want me to do? let me alone.

S. I want you to come here — to come to me.

C. Where are you?

S. Here.

C. Where?

S. Here.

C. Where 's here?

S. Here.

C. Go away; let me alone.

S. Come, I say.

C. I wont.

S. You must.

C. You 'll do something to me if I go.

S. Never mind, but come.

C. Tell me first will anything be done to me if I go.

S. Yes, you 'll be washed.

C. What 'll I be washed for?

S. To make you clean.

C. I 'm clean enough — let me alone. If I go, is that all will be done to me?

S. No; after you 're washed you 'll be dressed — the clothes will be put on you.

C. What for?

S. To keep the cold from you.

C. Then it 's cold where you are?

S. Yes.

C. I wont go.

S. You must.

C. I wont go where it 's cold.

S. You wont feel the cold once the clothes are on you.

C. Well, is that all? will it do when I've got the clothes on me?

S. No, you must get suck.

C. What 's suck for?

S. To keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. What 's growing sick, and dying?

S. You can't understand that yet.

C. Well then, when I'm washed and get on the clothes, and take the suck, is that all?

S. No; that 's only the beginning; after that you must get medicine.

C. What 's that?

S. Something to keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. Then it 's the same as suck?

S. Not quite, but for the same purpose.

C. I wont go. It 's a bad place you 're in.

S. Good or bad, you must come.

C. Well, is there any thing else after the medicine, or is it the last?

S. Then the clothes are to be taken off you, and you are to be washed again.

C. And that 's all?

S. No; then the clothes will be put on you again, and you 'll get suck again, and then —

C. I tell you I wont go at all; let me alone; I wont talk to you any more.

S. Make haste.

*No answer.*

S. Make haste, I say.

*No answer.*

S. Holla! holla!

C. Let me alone; go out of that.

S. Are you coming?

C. No; would you have me go to where it 's cold, and where I must be washed twice, and put on clothes twice, and take suck twice, and medicine twice?

S. Like it or not it 's all one — come you must.

C. Well if you promise me that I 'll have to do all you say only twice —

S. I 'll make no promises — I 'd be sorry to deceive you.

C. Must I do it all more than twice?

S. Yes; very often — over and over again.

C. How often?

S. I don't know; very, very often. You 'll be always doing some one or other of these things, or having some one or other of these things done to you, or if not exactly one of these things, something pretty much the same.

C. How often in all do you think?

S. I really can't say how often; almost always until you die.

C. Die! I thought you said doing these things would keep me from dying.

S. Yes, for a little while, but not always.

C. How long?

S. I really can't say. You will die immediately if you don't do them; and not quite so soon if you do.

C. Then if I go, I think I wont do them at all. Better die a little sooner and save all the trouble.

S. You would not say that, if you knew what a terrible thing death is.

C. Go away; it 's very bad of you to want me to go to a place where there must be always something doing to me to keep me from dying, and where nothing will keep me long from it. I wonder you would ask me to go to such a place at all.

S. Staying where you are wont save you; you 'll die equally whether you stay there or come here.

C. Then I 'll stay here, where there 's nothing to be done to me, rather than go to you where there 's so much to be done to me to so little purpose.

S. But it makes a great difference whether you die where you are or here.

C. Why, what difference does it make? Didn't you say it was a terrible thing to die where you are? what worse can it be to die here?

S. A great deal worse — no comparison worse.

C. How 's that? I don't understand that; it 's dying in both cases; where you are, after much trouble and doing all manner of things to keep yourself from dying, and here, after no trouble at all.

S. Poor innocent child, how little you know about it! I pity you.

C. Do you know I think I 'd begin to like you if you wouldn't frighten me so. I 'd never have known any thing about dying if you hadn't told me — but what 's the difference between dying here and where you are? it 's dying, after all.

S. The difference is this: if you die where you are, you 'll remain dead for ever; if you die here, you 'll be made alive again, and never die any more.

C. Then my mind 's made up to staying and dying here. Alive, and dead, and then alive again, seems to me a very clumsy round-about way; once dead, I think one may as well remain dead, and no more about it; especially if the life one is to have after being made alive again, is anything like the life you say you have where you are.

S. I shudder when I hear you talk so. It is an awful thing to die and remain dead for ever.

C. As to the dying, you have it equally whether you remain dead or are made alive again; and as to the remaining dead, who knows but if I were made alive again I would come in for as bad a life as you say you have where you are.

S. It would be either a great deal better or a great deal worse than this; certainly not the same — not like this at all.

C. Would it be like what I have here?

S. No, not at all — quite different.

C. Then how do I know that I would like it?

S. I see there 's no use in arguing with you.

C. Not a bit, unless you argue better than you have done yet. Every word you have said has only made me more determined to stay where I am.

S. I wanted to persuade you to agree to what you couldn't help — to do willingly what you must do whether you will or no.

C. You have just produced the opposite effect.

S. Well, I must say I rejoice that it does not depend on your will; that you will be forced to your good.

C. It 's a sad condition to be forced to do what you think good, and I think bad. Would you like to be forced to do what I think good, and you think bad?

S. No matter whether I would like it or not, it 's the very condition in which you are.

C. Alas! Alas! what a sad condition! well at all events I 'll stay here till I 'm forced.

S. If you only knew what a fine thing is to happen to you on the road, you 'd be in a hurry to come at once — you 'd think you never could be here soon enough.

C. Hah! hah! hah!

S. What makes you laugh?

C. I 'm laughing at yourself. When you find you can't frighten me into what you want, you think you 'll try what coaxing and cajoling will do. Go on; what fine thing 's to happen me?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am, you 're to get a soul.

C. A soul! what 's that?

S. I can't describe it to you better then by saying it 's a soul, a spirit.

C. At least you can tell me what it 's like.

S. No, I can't.

C. Did you ever see one?

S. No, I never did.

C. Did you ever feel one?

S. No, never.

C. Ever taste, or smell, or hear one?

S. No.

C. Have you one yourself?

S. Yes.

C. Have you it long?

S. Yes; as long as I can remember.

C. Then surely you must have either seen or felt or tasted or smelled or heard it before this.

S. No.

C. Then how do you know you have it?

*No answer.*

C. What use is it to you?

*No answer.*

C. Where did you get it?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am.

C. Then you were once here?

S. Not exactly there, but in a precisely similar place.

C. And were forced out of it as I am to be forced out of this?

S. Yes.

C. And got the soul on the way?

S. Yes.

C. Whereabouts on the way did you get it?

S. I don't know.

C. Was it near here or near there?

S. I don't know.

C. Was it waiting for you, or was it coming to meet you?

S. I don't know.

C. Where was it before you got it?

S. I don't know.

C. What did you do with it when you got it?

S. Nothing.

C. But you 're quite sure you got it?

S. Yes, perfectly sure.



C. And have it still?

S. Yes.

C. Where?

S. I don't know.

C. Was there warm water and clothes and suck and medicine waiting for you too?

S. Yes.

C. Maybe the soul was in some of them.

S. No; I got it first.

C. Between the place you were forced out of, and the first washing?

S. Yes.

C. Was it far between?

S. No, quite close.

C. That was lucky; you hadn't to go far looking about for it.

S. No; I hadn't to look for it; I didn't know any thing about it at all.

C. Then nobody had told you about it, as you have told me?

S. No; I was forced out at once without any notice.

C. My obligation to you 's the greater.

S. I beg you 'll not mention it.

C. It 's well you got it at all, as you weren't expecting it, didn't know anything about it, and couldn't either have seen or felt it, if you had; I suppose it knew about you.

S. I think it must, else how so exactly hit the nick of time?

C. Wouldn't it have done equally well a little later — suppose after your first being washed and dressed and getting suck and medicine?

S. No; not by any means as well.

C. Why?

S. I might have died in the interval, and then what would have become of me?

C. You needn't ask me; it 's I should ask you; tell me what would have become of you in that case.

S. I should have remained dead for ever.

C. Now I begin to understand you; it 's by means of this soul you get the second life. Am I right?

S. Perfectly; the soul is immortal, never dies.

C. Then the soul has only one life; what never dies can't have two lives, unless it has them both together.

S. Certainly.

C. But you die, don't you?

S. Yes, to be sure.

C. And are made alive again?

S. Yes.

C. Then while you 're dead what becomes of the soul that never dies?

S. I never thought of that.

C. Well, no matter about that; I suppose it will be taken care of, as it was before you got it.

S. I have no doubt of it.

C. It will be kept for you and you 'll get it again when you 're made alive the second time, just as you got it when you were made alive the first time?

S. I suppose so; there can indeed be no doubt of it.

C. Then after all it 's not by means of the soul you get the second life, any more than it 's by means of the soul you get the first life; on the contrary you get the soul after you have already got the second life, just as you get the soul after you have already got the first life. If I 'm not right I hope you 'll correct me.

S. You must be right, for it 's certain I die, and it 's equally certain the soul never dies.

C. Then the way is really this: First you 're made alive, as I am now, without any soul; then you go from where I am to where you are, and on the way you get the soul; then you die, and, as the soul never dies, it leaves you and you are without a soul again; then you are made alive again, and then finally you get the soul again.

S. Just so; I think that is a very clear account of the matter.

C. You 're made alive first each time, and get the soul after; and the first time you get the soul it doesn't hinder you from dying, but the second time it does.

S. Yes.

C. It 's a pity it hasn't the virtue the first time you get it.

S. Aye, that it is! then we 'd have no dying at all; that indeed would be the fine thing!

C. I don't mean that it would be better there should be no dying — unless indeed one would be allowed to stay always where I am at present — but as you tell me that can't be, and that I must go to where you are whether I like it or not, then I think it 's better there should be dying, provided only that dying was final and would put an end to your trouble; but as you inform me again that it 's not final and will not put an end to your trouble, but rather be the beginning of it, and that after being dead for a while, you are to be made alive again, and live on for ever, just as if you had never been dead, then I think it better to have no dying, at all, for what is it but mere lost trouble — sheer bad management — bother for nothing? — Stay, what 's that pulling me? Is that the soul? am I getting the soul now?

S. As there 's no use in talking to you —

C. Oh! oh! oh! don't pull me so hard.

S. Come along — this way — come along —

C. Oh! oh! oh!

S. Come along, I say — come along, my little philosopher — come along —

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 4, 1854.

